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REDIROE, THE BOY ROAD AGENT!

BY OLL COOMES.

Author of "Dakota Dan," "Bowie-Knife Ben," "Old Hurricane," "Hawkeye Harry," "Death-Notch, the Destroyer," "One-Armed Alf," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE WAGON TRAIN.

An emigrant train was creeping slowly and laboriously along the valley of a small tributary of the Rio Grande, toward Conejos, a little Spanish-Mexican town of southern Colorado.

It was a warm May day; there was no cool shade in which to rest, no breeze to fan the brows of the weary travelers. A cloud of dust hanging upon the air, marked for miles the course they had come, and the village before them, now plainly visible, was the end of their

day's journey.

The train consisted of six canvas-covered wagons, with four mules harnessed to each, and an African jehu mounted upon each near wheeler, with a long whip in his hand and a sleepy look in his eyes.

There were, also, some extra mules and several ponies and saddle-horses, led and driven behind the train.

The party consisted of some twenty persons, including men, women and children; half of all were blacks.

There were three white families, the St. Kenelms, the Boswells, and the Gilbrests, in the party. The blacks were their servants.

The St. Kenelms and Gilbrests were from

northern Missouri, the Boswells from southern Iowa — all living near neighbors for many years. The two first-named had once been wealthy, but the war of the States had impoverished them; and, too proud-spirited to sit down and weep over their lost fortunes, they resolved to strike out and retrieve their vanished wealth in the great, wide West, the Boshad been slaves of the St. Kenelms and Gilbrests, but after their emancipation they were

retained as employees by their old masters. By some means or other our friends had heard that the valleys and mountains of northern New Mexico and southern Colorado were teeming with untold wealth, which awaited only willing hands to convert it into use. And thither were they now going—into the midst of unknown dangers—far from the habitations of civilized men

A few of this little band claim our notice, the St. Kenelms in particular, of whom there were but two-brother and sister. They were or-

Albert St. Kenelm was about eight-andtwenty years of age. He was a noble specimen of physical manhood, and the pleasant, unobtrusive air of a born gentleman. He had been reared in opulence, possessed a good education, and had never known a want that money could supply, until the doom of slavery fell their land. However, he was not one of those whose haughty pride and arrogance were char acteristics of some of the old families of the South. He was kind, generous and polite. He had been a soldier-fought for his cause in the Confederate army. He enlisted as a private; was disbanded a major.

Octavia St. Kenelm was the opposite of her noble, handsome brother in many respects. She was not over seventeen years of age-a little fairy-like creature, whose dark, dreamy eyes, full of the spirit of mischief, olive complexion, fair face, and wealth of black, silken hair, gave her that rare type of beauty that

belongs to Castillian blood. She was dressed in a traveling-suit that well became her beauty; and during the long journey she had contributed much, by her vivacity of spirit, to the pleasure and enjoyment of the Her coming was like a burst of sun-She was kind-hearted and generous, like her brother, yet full of innocent mischief and girlish pranks. She was a splendid equestrienne, fearless and daring, often risking dangers from which the more cautious would have shrunk with fear. She was not without her faults, however. Womanlike, she would have her own way. In this she had been encouraged from a little child by old Aunt Shady, the negress, who had been a mother to her for years. She could deny the child nothing, and now the woman would not be denied.

Octavia was entirely heart-free. She bestowed her love upon none but her brother and Aunt Shady; although many were the youths that had worshiped at the shrine of her

The Boswell family consisted of six persons father, mother, and four children. Two of the latter, a boy and girl, had grown to man and womanhood.

Richard Boswell was a thorough "westerner," and a fine specimen of manhood. He had fought in the Northern army against his young friend, St. Kenelm; but, now that the war was ended, they laid aside all party and political differences and renewed their old-time friend-

Maggie Boswell, Richard's sister, was a sweet,



He held a bugle to his lips, ever and anon sending forth a shrill blast upon it.

modest girl of eighteen, with brown eyes and brown hair, a bright, pleasant and open countenance, a clear, musical voice, and a graceful, sylph-like form. She was the bosom friend of Octavia, and like her in one particular, was full of joy and merriment, but unlike her in another, she loved and was loved. To Albert St. Kenelm had Maggie plighted her heart and hand, though not one of the whole party knew aught of their engagement.

The Gilbrest family was composed of five persons, but with them we have nothing in particular to do at present.

Among the blacks that made up the rest of the party, was old Aunt Shady, the negress who had been in the St. Kenelm family many years. She was over fifty years of age, ye strong and robust. A more kind-hearted, honest and faithful creature could not be found, and to Albert and Octavia St. Kenelm had she proven herself a devoted friend and servant.

The party was well armed with repeatingrifles of the latest pattern, besides being pro vided with other implements of war that few emigrants took the precaution or trouble to bring along with them. Fully aware of the dangers that beset their path, they acted upon the principle, that to be forewarned is to be

Far in advance of the train, the mountains loomed up against the sky like a cloud-bank. Beyond this range was the shrine of their pil-

As they neared the village of Conejos, the | vas tilt was suddenly raised, and a round, journeying beneath the hot sun and over dry, dusty roads, had quite fatigued both man and stop for a week or so to rest and recuperate before undertaking the journey through the

The little village of adobes was about five miles away, yet it did not seem to be over half that distance to the travelers. And so Octavia St. Kenelm, fired with her usual spirit of mischief and woman-curiosity, resolved, to precede the train into the dull little village, which she declared was sound asleep, at the

She fell behind and ordered Jupiter, one of the black servants, to saddle up her pony, a spirited mustang that she had purchased of the Indians with some jewelry. Jupiter, like the rest of the men, was only too eager to obey the mandates of the bright-eyed girl, and at once proceeded to saddle the pony. In a few minutes more Octavia was mounted and galloping past the wagons toward Conejos, her fair face flushed with merriment, while pleasant words and musical peals of laughter burst from her lips as she swept apast each tilted vehicle.

In the foremost wagon was old Aunt Shady, and Octavia wondered if she could get past without the old woman seeing her. But she did not. Aunt Shady was on the look-out, and as the maiden approached one edge of the can-

spirits of all began to revive. A hard day's black face, set in a frame of white woolly hair, peered out.

It was a good-natured looking face, with its beast; but at Conejos they had arranged to stop for a week or so to rest and recuperate yet it assumed a look of blank astonishment and injured confidence, when Octavia was dis-

"Bress my soul!" came in measured accents

from the old negress' lips.
"Why, Aunt Shady, what's the matter?" asked the mischievous little Octavia, in feigned surprise, as she drew rein alongside of the

"I is completely 'stonished, I is." "Indeed, Aunt Shady?"

"Yes, indeedy. Whar under de sun an' shinin' stars are you jist gwine now, Octaby?" "Going on to Conejos to wake up the citizens and tell them we are coming," was Octavia's reply, spoken with an air of feigned inno-

"Heabenly Fadder, chile! is you jis' gwine erazy? It ar'n't de middle ob de arternoon yit, and de people ob Conejos ar'n't asleep yit,

chile, ob course dey isn't. A merry peal of laughter was Octavia's only response. She gave her pony the reins, and waving her little brown hand to Aunt Shady, galloped away.

The old negress dropped the tilt, straightened up and burst into a fit of hearty laughter that shook her fat sides, until the whole wagon I traveled far?"

seemed to become inspired and began to shake

"I's proud ob dat chile, I is," she finally said to herself, yet aloud. Then as her face assumed an expression of that mild, motherly indignation, she continued: "but, she'll jis' brake my ole heart, she will, ef she don't mind what I says. She jist alers would hab her own way; and when I says: 'Octaby, no; Octaby, don't,' out will come dat witchin' little laff, and right down into ole Shady's heart will go dem bright eyes, and to save my soul all I can say is to laff and laff and laff, and when I's done laffin'

CHAPTER II.

OCTAVIA'S CAVALIER.

OCTAVIA cantered leisurely along the dim road leading toward Conejos, her young mind free of all but pleasant, girlish thoughts, her young heart untrammeled by the cares and vexations of life.

The road ran along the creek, winding in and out of little mottes of timber, and twisting around the bluffs.

The plain had appeared perfectly level all the way to the village; but, to Octavia's surprise, she found it a continuation of gentle swells, and now and then quite a hill. Without halting, however, she galloped on down the valley. The train was hidden from her view now by a point of land projecting into the val-Before her, a swell in the plain shut out Conejos from her view. To her left was a clump of stunted pines, from the shadows of which a horseman suddenly appeared at a sweeping gallop. He was headed down the valley, coming directly toward her.

For once Octavia felt an involuntary fear steal over her, for she knew not what danger threatened. As the horseman drew nearer, however, she saw that he was a white man, and her fears, in a measure, subsided.

Reaching the road, the man wheeled his horse into the wagon-track and rode up along-side of the maiden. Lifting his hat, he bowed politely, at the same time saying, in pure English:

"Pardon my intrusion, senorita."

Octavia glanced up at the stranger, whose voice was soft and musical almost as that of a Moorish maid. The next moment a flush suffused her pretty face. Her heart gave a great throb, sending the life-current leaping through her veins. Her eyes were downcast with a childlike embarrassment.

She had been completely surprised. With her sudden fears was associated the face o rough-bearded man, but the face was that of a The youth could not have been over eighteen years of age, and yet his form was developed into perfect mankood, and his face, although smooth as a maiden's, were an open, manly look. His eyes were of a dark blue, soft in expression, large and lustrous. Yet there was that in their depths that denoted the courage of a lion, the gentleness of a child; the fierceness of the hawk, the mildness of the dove —a deadly foe, a devoted friend. His features were of a type more remarkable for the strength of character they indicated than for

mere beauty.

He was dressed in a style becoming his age and personal appearance. On his head he wore a Mexican sombrero banded with gold. A serape of fine texture and of a purple hue, was thrown over his shoulders and fastened to-gether at the throat with a jeweled clasp. This oncealed most of his garb, but a breeze drifting up the valley, threw back the edge of the shawl, revealing a dress of the finest texture, and made after the style of a ranchero's, the

whole fairly dazzling the eyes of Octavia.

The maiden beheld her ideal of perfect manhood in this dashing young stranger, and in unconscious admiration could but gaze upon his handsome face and form. Nor was this admiration without a response, for his very soul seemed exalted by the glance of her dark eyes and the soft music of her voice.

She politely bowed her acceptance of his apology for his intrusion upon her solitude, though a slight tremor in her voice betrayed her inward emotions.

You ride alone, senorita." "I did," she replied, with a faint smile; and then, as her womanly curiosity began to assert itself, she asked a question also:

"Do you go to Conejos?" and she touched her pony with the whip to quiet its fears of the prancing horse the youth bestrode.
"I go only to the cross-roads leading to Loma," the boy replied; "then you reside at Conejos?"

Conejos?"

"No, sir; I belong to an emigrant train that is coming a short way behind."
"Oh, indeed?" he exclaimed; "have you

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"From the Missouri river."

"You are risking many dangers in passing through this country. The Arapahoes and Cheyennes are continually roving about over these plains in search of some one to murder, and if they don't find whites, they'll turn in and murder one another. Moreover, the white outlaws under the notorious Red Rob Moreover keep the whole country, from the head-waters of the Rio Grande to Santa Fe, in a fever of

'We have been frequently warned of that robber band, but as we have nothing of value in our train that robbers are likely to want,

'I beg to differ with you, my fair friend, the youth replied; "there is that in your train

which would be of precious value to a robber or a Christian." Octavia reflected. She wondered what he had reference to; moreover, how he knew they

had anything at all. "I am sure I know of nothing, unless it is

our jaded mules, which we propose to give a week's rest at Conejos." "It is not your animals, senorita; it is your-

Octavia started, and grew red and white by turns. Such a thought had never occurred to her young mind before; and it struck her so suddenly now that a vague fear, such as she had never experienced, stole upon her. She involuntarily glanced back to see how far her friends were away. But they were not yet in sight—Conejos was still hidden from her view, and a sense of her helplessness, in case of dan ger, made the presence of the young cavalier quite agreeable. But, whatever pleasure or security she felt in his companionship, she was soon compelled to forego it, for, reaching the cross-roads leading to Loma, the youth drew

rein, saying:

"Here I leave you, senorita. May you have a pleasant sojourn at Conejos."

"Thank you, sir," Octavia replied, her eyes sparkling; "but to whom am I indebted for this kind wish?"

The youth appeared not to hear her ques tion, but lifting his sombrero, and waving her an adieu, he turned his horse's head toward Loma, and galloped away at a furious speed.

Octavia, who had drawn rein, sat motionless and watched the retreating form in a kind of mental abstraction. A feeling of disquiet or apprehension stole over her young heart, and with it soon came a vague loneliness that seemed to increase with the distance that was momentarily separating her further and further from the handsome, unknown boy.

Forgetful of what she was doing, she continued to gaze after the youth, who, gaining the summit of the ridge, turned in his saddle, and, waving his hand to her, disappeared be-yond the hill.

Octavia's heart gave a great bound, for with that act a delicious pleasure filled her breast and banished her unrest. Turning her pony's head, she rode rapidly back toward the train, to inquire into the non appearance of her friends around the hill. They had had plenty time in which to make the distance, and she was surprised at their delay. As she rode along, a fearful sound suddenly smote upon her ears. It came from the direction of the train. It was the report of firearms, mingled with yells and shouts. These were succeeded by a thunderous boom that came crashing forth upon the air with more violence than a thunderbolt from heaven. earth seemed to rock as the waves of the terrific sound rolled along the surface and swelled upon the air, starting a hundred echoes far and

"Oh, mercy!" cried Octavia, "that was the cannon; the train has been attacked by Indians

She urged her pony forward. The prolonged twang of a horn suddenly pealed forth upon the air.

The maiden glanced up the valley toward the north, and to her surprise beheld her late the ridge in the direction of the train. He held a bugle to grim and ghostly. his lips, ever and anon sending forth a shrill blast upon it.

And still another surprise awaited her. A band of horsemen burst suddenly from the little grove of pines, out of which the youth had emerged but a few minutes previous. All were armed, for she could see their weapons gleaming in the sunlight.

At a wild, breakneck speed they thundered across the valley and swept up the hill toward that mysterious young knight of the plain. Thank God!" burst in accents of joy from Octavia's lips; "they are rangers—they are going to help my friends—and he is their leader!

CHAPTER III.

THE SOLDIERS' BIVOUAC

NORTHERN New Mexico! To this land of Aztec ruins, deserted Zunicities perched upon lofty summits amid the purple clouds; to this land of ancient volcanoes, of hidden rivers, of yawning chasms and grim, savage forests; to this mysterious land whose history is written only in cipher, where once burned the fires of the Sunworshipers, we would now lead the gentle reader.

Under the somber shadows of a pinon for est, in the fertile valley of the San Juan, four men reposed in their bivouac. They were soldiers of the United States, as their uniforms denoted, and belonged to the garrison at Fort Defiance, in Arizona.

The day was nearly spent. The wind drift-ed down from the cool hights of the distant mountains, and rumbled chill and sullen through the rifts and gorges of the adjacent Strange voices whispered in still stranger tones among the somber pinons. Buzzards wheeled in the air above the camp with their naked, coral necks outstretched and greedy eyes looking to earth as if in anticipaon of an early feast. Coyotes howled in the distance

The location and its surroundings were well calculated to inspire the deepest melancholy and gloomiest forebodings. And perhaps they did, but not one of that little band of veteran admitted it by word or look. Reclining in positions of ease and repose upon their waterproof blankets, that had come from Navajo ooms, they smoked their pipes and conversed with the ease and composure of men accustom-

ed to camp-life. This little party was under command of James H. Miller, the Indian agent of the Na vajoes; and the object which had brought them into the San Juan valley was for furthering the humanitarian Indian policy, of which Mr. Miller was an earnest advocate. The annuities from the Government to the Navajoes had been exhausted, and for two years in suc cession the crops of the semi-barbarous agriculturists had failed. Thus, on the verge of starvation and confined to their reservation the Indians were on the eve of open hostilities. It required every effort of the agent to prevent it, and in hopes of finding a district more suitable for a reservation and agricultural pur-

poses, he had penetrated into the valley of the San Juan, accompanied by three companions; expression that was indicative of great decis-San Juan, accompanied by three companions; and it is thus that we find them encamped in that valley, not far from the Rio del los Pinos.
"I feel thankful to heaven," Mr. Miller finally remarked, starting from his silent thoughts, "that this expedition was under-

"You think then this valley is sufficiently fertile for the maintenance of the tribe, do you?" asked Ben Thomas.
"I do. Water in this arid, volcanic land is the greatest consideration, and the San Juan

and its series of tributaries will furnish this in abundance for irrigation.' "But it seems that rivers in this country go

dry or sink beneath the earth's surface, and the San Juan may also disappear.'

"I think it has been dry at some remote period of the past," said Jesus Alviso, the Mexican interpreter. "What proof have you of this, Alviso?"

asked the Indian agent.
"The deserted pueblos and ruined accequias, senor.

I cannot think so, Alviso. The formation of this valley leads me to a different opinion."
"Then why was this valley deserted? We have ample evidence of its having once been densely populated."

"I know it, and cannot account for its desertion upon any other theory than that the Apa-ches, those ancient foes of the Navajoes, overran the valley at some remote period of the past. This country is an enigma to the antiquarian. It has been the scene of local strife and bloodshed ever since the Spanish invaders endeavor-ed to supplant the old Mexic faith. The wrath of God seems to have fallen upon this country. It is the Egypt of the New World, for the 'Seven cities of the Cibolas,' on the de Chaco river, and the fortified city of the Aztecs Quivira, on the San Juan, answer to the once populous cities of Babylon and Nineveh. have evidence of a superior race of people hav-ing once dwelthere. Their ruined cities attest this. But now it has become almost a desert. A few roving bands of Indians, white robbers, and now and then a few treasure-hunters, like Bedouins, rove about over the country. egion is undoubtedly rich in mineral deposits nd it's my opinion that, if the Indian Appropriation Bill now pending in Congress, passes there will be a great rush to this land of ruins.

"In which case troubles will multiply," said Ben Thomas. "With the Mexican outlaws to the south of us, the Utes and Mormons on the west, and a horde of lawless treasure-seekers pouring in from all quarters of the globe, what will be the result?"

"War, robbery and crime," responded Al-"I apprehend no trouble from the Utes,"

said Miller. "Do not trust them, senor. They appear friendly, but even at this moment they may be

n this valley.' The man's words seemed prophetic. 'Well," said Mr. Miller, starting to his feet I must not neglect the view from the summit

f yonder cliff."
He took a small field-glass from among his effects, and, accompanied by Alviso, started toward the hill, across a beautiful valley. The pinons swayed gently above them, the green grass rustled to their hasty footsteps. Soon they reached the foot of the bluff-a spur of the San Juan mountain—and with light footsteps started up the steep acclivity. They soon

gained the towering summit and turned their The sun was just sinking behind a distant range of hills. The mountain tops around them seemed ablaze with fire—altars upon which burned the eternal fires of the Montezu-The valley and forest lay brooding in

death-like shadows beneath them. With his glass the agent swept the surround ing hills, valleys and mountains. Far away upon a lofty summit to the wes ward he descried the gray outlines of one of those ancient It loomed up against the sky

For a moment Miller studied the old remains with meditative silence; then he turned his glass upon another object to which his attention had been called by his companion. He canned it for a moment, then exclaimed:

That beats me. Alviso." It was a smoke, curling upward in a spiral column in the vicinity of the ruins of Quivira. That proves that we are not the only per

"To be sure it does, senor," replied Alviso. "Do you think it is from an Indian camp?"

"No; it's too bold for that. I'll tell you my opinion, senor.'

"You remember of hearing of a party of emigrants that passed through Santa Fe, about two years ago? "Yes; they say they acted queer. They

were called Silent Tongues on account of their reticence as to their destination. All at once they disappeared. Their wagons were tracked to the old Moqui towns, where all traces of them vanished

"That's the story, senor; and now-"

"I'M risk a doubloon on that smoke curling up from the retreat of the Silent Tongues."
"We'll see to-morrow," said Miller, and turning he led the way down the cliff and back to camp through the gathering shadows of twi-

> CHAPTER IV. THE THREE MINERS.

WHEN Miller and his companion reached camp they found their comrades and supper

awaiting them. Seating themselves upon the sward the four began their repast. While thus engaged, the agent made known his discovery, and com-

mented upon the same.

The sound of horses' hoofs and the jingle of rappings suddenly arrested their attention. Mechanically they drew their revolvers as they started and gazed uneasily around.

Three horsemen emerged from the shadow f the woods and drew rein.

One familiar with a mining district would at once have pronounced the trio a party of They were mounted on strong-limbed, yet jaded looking ponies; and were provided with huge packs, from which protruded the handles of picks and spades and other evidences of their being treasure hunters on a prospecting tour through the country. They were also well armed. Coming from the direction Quivira ruins, there was nothing in their looks to engender distrust in the minds of the soldiers. Though rudely dressed, the open, frank expression in each face dispelled all apprehension Their coming broke the savage monotony of the camp, and the quartette hailed their pre-

sence with a feeling akin to pleasure These three men were entirely different so far as age and personal appearances went. The eldest must have been fifty years or more

ion of character. His eyes were of a dark gray, with that peculiarity of expression in them that one often sees in those of a docile lion. His face was covered with a ponderous white beard that gave him a still more venerable and mposing look.

This man was Basil Walraymond. The next man in point of years was Nathan Wolfe. He was about forty years of age, and was a splendid specimen of the physical man, with a rough, bearded face, upon whose features cropped out the predominant traits of the person's character.

The third was a young man of perhaps five-

and-twenty years. A little above the medium hight, he was possessed of the form of an ath-lete and the face of an Adonis. His hair, which was of a dark-brown color, was cropped closey to his head. A heavy mustache, of the same olor as his hair, shaded an expressive mouth, and lent an additional look of strength to his features and of firmness to his character. In nis dark-blue eyes burned the luster of health, the fire of impetuous youth and the spirit of adventure. His cheeks were bronzed, yet this

All three were dressed in buck-skin with woolen undershirts. All wore heavy boots with jingling spurs at the heels. Broad-brimmed hats covered each head. A leather belt encir-cled each waist, and in this belt were a pair of evolvers and a murderous-looking knife. A handsome rifle was swung at the back of each, by means of a strap passing over the left

rather served to strengthen his manly beauty

His voice was clear and full-almost musical.

houlder and under the right arm. A month previous these three were strangers By chance they had been thrown together at Santa Fe. Their acquaintance ripened into mutual friendship, and then their friendship developed itself into a spirit of adventure. This finally carried them on a prospecting tour into northern New Mexico and southern

The profession and character of each one be ore their meeting at Santa Fe seemed of little concern to the others, for they made no inquiry of one and another of anything extending bepapers of recommendation, of moral character or social standing. On the border all kinds of characters meet—good, bad and indifferent—many of them to begin life anew; and so the past is usually considered beyond the begin ning, as it were, and to ask a man for a his tory of himself would be almost as absurd as to ask a child for its history before it existed.

The three were friends, that was certain.

They were true to each other; that had been tested in more than one difficulty with the Arapahoes and Apaches.

"A military camp, by Jove!" cried young Sheridan, as he caught sight of the soldiers' uniform in the dim glow of the camp-fire, and reined in his horse within a rod of the camp. "Yes, on a small scale," replied Miller, ad-

vancing.
Sheridan dismounted and saluted—his com panions following his example.

"From Fort Wingate? or Defiance?"

"Defiance," responded Miller. "Judging

from appearances you are miners, and as it is camping time, I would just say that the hospitality of the San Juan valley and our bivouac is at your service."

"Thank you, sir," said the old man, in a bluff, yet kindly tone. It required but a few minutes to unpack their animals and lariat them out to grass

along with the soldiers' horses.

This done, the three new-comers brought out their supply of dried venison, roasted bear-meat and hard biscuit, and took supper

along with their newly-made acquaintances.
"It is a blessed relief," said Basil Walraymond, "to meet white men with white hearts in this country. What are you doing here anyhow, soldiers?"

Looking up a new agency for the Navareplied Miller; "and you-" "We are hunting gold and silver and dia-monds," interrupted the mysterious old man of stone, anticipating Miller's question.

"With what success, senor?" asked Alviso. The old man bent his fierce look upon Aliso, and his immobile face seemed to wear a faint smile of scorn.

"I'd be a fool to tell you," he responded; then his voice softened, and he continued: but you are soldiers. You have no time to hunt treasure, so we need have no fears of you jumping our claims. The fact of it is, however, we have found no gold, no silver, no diamonds; but we have found rubies, turquoises and garnets of great value. But you needn't murder us for them, for they are cached a hundred miles from here," and the speaker broke off into a fit of silent, good-na-

tured laughter. "Did you come from the direction of Quivira ruins?" Mr. Miller asked.

'Not far in that direction. We've just returned from Colorado. We saw your smoke, and bent our course this way. We go to the ruins to-morrow," replied the old man

"I saw a smoke in the direction of the ruins a few minutes ago. There must be a settle ment down there, or else-"Do you think so, commandant?" asked

Walraymond, betraying some sudden emotion. "It may be a party of hunters or Indians, yourselves," or miners like continued the "A party of emigrants passed northagent. ward through Santa Fe a year or two ago,

and nothing has been heard of them since. "Were there any women with them?" asked the old man.

"Yes, there were two or three women. The party acted very queer and mysterious, some thought; but since I saw that smoke off westward, I am inclined to believe those Silent Tongues, as they were called, have crept away into this deserted valley and taken up their abode. They might have found a rich gold mine, and are working it secretly; or they may be one of those bands of outlaws that infest the mountains?

Basil Walraymond glared at Miller while he was speaking with a savage yet thoughtful look in his dark gray eyes. Then he bent his gaze upon the ground, stroked his long, hoary. beard fiercely, and then resumed his eating.

The old man was agitated, and the soldiers were somewhat puzzled by his strong emotions; and were even surprised at the manner in which his own companions regarded him. He seemed to puzzle them all-a living enigma.

Supper was concluded in silence. By this time darkness had set in. The coyotes had begun their demoniac chatterthe forest its nocturnal moan. The cool breeze from the mountains swept chill and

sad down the valley. The dark brow of the

San Juan frowned ominously down upon the

The fire was replenished with fuel. The blaze leaped upward and threw its ruddy light gloom around them as the flames rose and fell with the currents of air.

Silence, deep and profound, came over the party. The chill air had first checked that spontaneous flow of genial spirits that characterized most of the party. And now the warm glow of the fire being felt through every form, it carried them back to the home fireside. It recalled many pleasant thoughts and many bitter ones, no doubt. Evening's home pleasures are associated with the warm. cheery glow of a fire. The faces we knew in youth; faces we know in manhood; faces that are gone from our view forever; faces that were wont to grow bright at our coming-all appear before the mental vision in the glowng flame. The fireside is a powerful agent. It conjures up a thousand vague images; it resurrects long-buried thoughts, ofttimes opening anew old wounds, or reviving sad, desponding spirits. And it must have wrought its mysterious influence upon Basil Walraymond, for at times a faint smile would overspread his stern, bearded face and light up the eyes then would follow a nervous twitching of the facial muscles, and a quivering of the eyelids that told of some bitter, agonizing thoughts

ugging at his heartstrings.

None watched this mysterious old man as did Asa Sheridan. Some strange affinity seemed to have drawn the old stranger into his heart. Meanwhile young Sheridan was not aware that he had become the central fig-ure of other eyes. The soldiers regarded him with even more interest than the old man-Alviso with evident distrust.

There was an air of reckless abandon about the youth that seemed to possess some irre-sistible power of magnetic attraction—something that attracted and yet dispelled, some-

thing to admire and at the same time fear.

After a few minutes' silence, the Mexican took a diary and pencil from an inner pocket. Upon the fly-leaf of the book he wrote a He then passed the memoranda to Miller in such an indifferent manner as not to attract attention, at the same time nodding in a significant manner at Sheridan, who sat with his back toward him.

The agent glanced at the writing in the book

and read that terrible name: Red Rob, the Boy Road Agent!" (To be continued.)

The Dumb Page: THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER, UTHOR OF "THE IRISH CAPTAIN," "THE RED RAJAH," "THE ROCK RIDER," "THE SEA CAT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VENGEANCE THAT CAME. COUNT BONETTA stood on the quarter-deck f his galley, with a group of officers round him, watching the passing gondolas, plying to and from the shore. The clock of St. Mark's had totted five, and the captain's barge lay

alongside the galley.

The count seemed to be impatient, as he watched boat after boat, and still not the one he expected.

At last, just as he was giving utterance to his anger, a large gondola, with two gondoliers in livery of purple and gold, came skimming out of the Grand Canal, and shot across the forefoot of the galley. At the entrance of the low, black cabin stood Don Lorenzo Bellario, in his most brilliant dress of white, slashed with gold, and beside him was the slight figure

of the fair-haired page, in violet velvet.

Don Lorenzo raised his plumed cap as he passed, and pointed seaward toward the island of San Antonio

The count ordered his boat round, stepped into it, and rowed away on the track of the swift gondola at an easy pace, following in its

wake, accompanied by two officers. So the two boats proceeded for a little disance, when the steersman of the Genoese cap-

tain's barge remarked to his leader: "My lord, there is a gondola following us." The count turned round and looked back. The lofty prow of a gondola, standing up in front of the low, funereal-looking black cabin,

was indeed moving slowly in his wake,
"It is some other party on a similar excursion to our own, perhaps," he suggested, with a grim smile; "such pleasure-parties are not uncommon here. Let us hasten on. Give way,

Double the stroke, The rowers bent to their oars, and the barge moved rapidly off on the track of the foremos

The gondoliers redoubled their efforts to keep the lead, and the two boats rapidly apched the island of San Antonio. The rear condola did not seem to be actuated by such aste, for it fell astern as soon as they commenced the race, and was a mere speck on the water by the time the island was reached and

Don Lorenzo and the pretty page sprung ashore, hand in hand, and at once started for the well-known rendezvous of the duelists. The tide was down, and the broad, firm beach was smooth and elastic to the feet, giving promise of good holding ground.

Count Bonetta and his officers followed, the two boats lying side by side on the beach. When they came to the well-known place, Don Lorenzo turned and awaited the Genoese

with a gay greeting.
"Well, gentlemen," he said; "you see we Venetians have a sweet place to settle our little difficulties. Nothing to see us but the seagulls, and the ocean breeze soon covers the lead with sands. I remember leaving five tall fellows, with their faces to the sky, in this

Take thy leave of the place now, then, said the deep voice of Count Bonetta: "for before the sun sets thou shalt be with them,' Don Lorenzo laughed sardonically.

"Your nephew was one of them, count," he retorted, carelessly; "I peppered him finely, warrant you, and now we shall try to put nis venerable uncle in pickle. Without another word, the Genoese com-

menced to take off his upper garments, handing cloak and doublet to his seconds. Don Lorenzo smiled and laid his own delicate garments on one of the benches. did so, he noticed Julia very pale.

"Count Bonetta, uncle to the Swiss pig that I pinked just six months ago," was Don Lor-

man?

enzo's careless reply.
"It is himself," she whispered, anxiously; do you not know his voice? I tell you it is

"Whoever he be," declared Don Lorenzo, of age. He was a tall, powerful man, straight and erect, with a proud, martial bearing. His lions of sparks drifted into the purple dome of surveyed the grizzled beard of the other, "he

shall never come back to threaten me a second time. This time I kill him. Watch me.

"Oh! be cautious, Lorenzo," she enjoined, in tones of agony; "there is something in that man's eye that tells me he is sure of victory. And if you are killed, I die, too.'

"Nonsense, carina," he said, playfully; "this is my twenty-ninth duel, and I never was scratched. Good-by till after the fight." He turned away and tripped toward his antagonist with a light, airy step, throwing his cap down on the bench as he did so. Gloriously handsome as Apollo, with a vivid freshness of color that no marble Apollo ever boasted, his glossy curls waving in the sea-breeze, his eyes sparkling bright and fierce, he waved his slight rapier in the air with a gay flourish, and

"On guard, Signor Bonetta." The Genoese captain remained standing, eaning on his rapier, and spoke in his deep, sad voice:

"Don Lorenzo Bellario, do you remember this day, six months ago?"
"I do," said the other, scornfully; "and I know you now as then, Antonio Bonetta. To

your guard." "You do not know one thing," answered Bonetta, quietly; "I am safe here under the flag of Genoa, having entered her service. And moreover, I have spent nearly six months in the house of 'Cola Bottarma, in Florence. My hair is gray; but who turned it gray in one night? Who seared my heart, with his diabolical cruelty to one who meant no harm to him? Don Lorenzo Bellario, betake you to

your guard, and God have mercy on your He spoke the last words with the solemnity of a judge pronouncing sentence on a criminal, and in spite of his iron nerves, Bellario shud-

dered involuntarily.

Bonetta raised the light rapier in his hand, and the weapons crossed with a clash.

At the sound Don Lorenzo started and smiled flercely. He was used to the clashing of

Then, with all the resources of skill and activity he possessed, he attacked the Swiss. The latter stood as firm as a rock, his stern, blue eyes looking down on the other, while his arm and wrist, as firm as a bronze statue's, extended his point, always close to the other's

He hardly seemed to move, so small were the circles described by his rapier, but three times, while Don Lorenzo was circling round, with appel, feint, thrust and glizads, he found the point of Bonetta dropped close to his shoulder, as he made a low lunge, pricking him back with the warning stop-thrust.*

Three times did the point pierce his shoulder. just enough to draw blood, Bonetta remaining on the defensive, with a grim smile of contempt that enraged Don Lorenzo inexpressibly. The Swiss had not even extended himself, and yet the Spaniard had been compelled to leap back

three times to avoid a deeper wound.

He withdrew himself out of distance at last, and stood on the defensive, a little breathed with the violent exertions he had made. "Is that all you know?" cried Bonetta, con-

tempt in his tone. "'Cola Bottarma told me you would never make a good fencer. Guard And he gave a sudden, nervous beat on the other's blade, and lunged forth so straight, swift and strong that only the other's being a little out of distance saved him from being run through the body. Bonetta's hand was as high

as his head, and the thrust was sent in above the Spaniard's guard, the keen point just drawing the blood from Bellario's breast. Don Lorenzo leaped back, with a look of fear, for the first time, on his face. That single thrust revealed to him that he had met his master; and he had been compell-

ed to give so much ground, that his return was out of distance. Bonetta laughed as he beat aside the inef-A look of caution and apprehen-

sion was on the face of his enemy. "Come, Don Lorenzo," he said, sneeringly: 'those five tall fellows were not much, after all. Why don't you attack?"

But Don Lorenzo merely shook his head, with a faint attempt at his old provoking look. His face was pale, and his brows set into an anxious but resolute frown. There was not a drop of cur's blood in the veins of Lorenzo Bellario; and he seemed to have resolved to die game, though he knew the other to be his mas-

"You will not attack?" asked Bonetta. "Then I must. Now look to yourself." As he spoke he advanced within distance, his body vibrating backward and forward with the hreatening motion that portends an attack, his blade quivering and grating against Bal-

lerio's, his eyes sternly bent on the other's eyes, with a fierce, unwinking stare. Clash ! There was a sudden beat on Lorenzo's ra-There was a sudden bear of those terrible strong, sier, and one more of those terrible strong, it is charge of a bull. It straight lunges, like the charge of a bull. pierced the Spaniard's guard, tore his shirt, and penetrated his breast about half an inch, as he gave a desperate leap backward. he could recover, Bonetta had sprung forward and directed another of those lunges, as firm and as impossible to ward as the other. other frantic leap backward saved the Spaniard from more than a third slight wound in

lent exertions, that he tripped and fell on the sand at the mercy of his opponent. Bonetta drew back his sword and rested it on the sand. "Rise, signor," he exclaimed. "Our quarrel is mortal, but Antonio Bonetta seeks no

the breast, but he was so confused with his vio-

Don Lorenzo slowly rose and leaned on his weapon. He was deadly pale, shaking all over from exhaustion, and his white shirt was stained in five different places with little red streams of blood.

His eyes burned with unutterable hatred, with a certain hopeless, despairing look in their dark depths that told that he knew his hour "You have the turn now," he whispered, showing his white teeth under the black mus-

tache in a savage grin; "but I have one satisfaction, at least: the countess is mine. He leaped on Bonetta, as he said the last words, and attacked him with a reckless ferocity that compelled even the practiced fencer to recoil a step. He was quite careless of his defense, confining himself to desperate lunges,

and trying to catch Bonetta's point with his left hand in his despairing effort for revenge. "Lorenzo," she whispered, "who is that The latter retreated, circling round the frantic Spaniard, his point playing incessantly, the fatal stop-thrust drawing Bellario's blood from several slight wounds, that slowly drained his strength away, with pitiless skill.

The stern, set look never left the face of the * Stop-thrust, or coup d' arret. In fencing, if the adversary makes a low thrust at the body, he ex-poses the upper part of his body to the stop-thrust, which will reach him before his own can touch the body of his opponent.

Swiss, as he watched his enemy growing weaker and weaker, from pure exhaustion. At last Don Lorenzo paused and leaned on his sword, and Bonetta spoke:
"Now, Don Lorenzo Bellario, you are at my

mercy. Now confess your treason and you shall receive your life. Confess that you put the accusation against me in the Lion's Mouth,

Bellario was trembling all over with weakness, but he straightened up once more, and faintly raised his sword.

"Kill me, signor," he muttered hoarsely; "I knew nothing of your accusation. Kill me, but do not dishonor me."

Bonetta ground his teeth with a furious "Then die in your falsehood!" he shouted

and made his last fierce lunge, that beat aside the Spaniard's guard and pierced deep into his Don Lorenzo sunk slowly back on the sand,

his sword falling from his nerveless hand, while his face looked up, proud and defiant to the last, at his triumphant enemy.

Hardly had he done so, when, with a wild, despairing shriek, the disguised page ran forward and threw herself on his body, crying:
"Lorenzo! Lorenzo! My love, my life! He

has killed him.' Then there was a sensation among the Geno-

At the sound of that shriek Bonetta drop ped his sword, stared at the golden curls as if thunderstruck, and ejaculated:

The princess Julia! Holy Mother of Hea ven! The villain has bewitched her, too."

And a frown of intense pain and hatred crossed his iron features, as he gazed at his fallen foe, beautiful as ever amid all his blood, and heard the frantic girl calling on him to

speak to her only one word, while she kissed the pale lips from which no answer came. The other officers hung around, helpless and sympathetic, not knowing what to do, and Don Lorenzo lay slowly breathing away his life in the arms of Julia, when the sound of voices close by aroused everybody to the fact of strangers being present.

A brilliant crowd of cavaliers and noble came trooping into the little arena, and within ten feet of Bonetta, with eyes distended with horror, stood Estella, the Countess Milleroni.

The cuirasses of the Swiss halberdiers of the guard were behind and around her, and on her right hand was an old noble in robes of black velvet, furred with sable, who was crowned with the ermine cap of a senator of the Repub-

Bonetta stood gazing blankly before him at the Countess. He had no eyes for any one

She, on her part, looked at him with amazement and terror. There was no mistake with her. The suddenly gray hair and the thin face could not hide her lover from Estella Milleroni. She knew him in an instant. But as she glanced from him to the pale, bleeding figure of Don Lorenzo, a look of fear and aver-sion gathered on her face, and she turned away with a shudder.

A keen spasm of pain crossed Bonetta's countenance when he beheld that look. And then the old senator advanced and addressed him. "You are Antonio Bonetta, formerly cap-tain in the service of Venice," he said, more af-

firmatively than inquiringly. "I am Antonio Count Lonetta, in the service of Genoa," admitted the other, proudly.
"You were in the service of Venice," continued the senator, sternly. "Where is your

discharge?" "I have none," replied Bonetta. "I am a

free Swiss and need none. The senator turned and made a signal to the halberdiers behind. An officer advanced and laid his hand on Bonetta's shoulder.

You are my prisoner, captain," he announc-Bonetta bowed, and quietly took his clother

from the hands of his seconds, as he protested:
"I yield to force, but the Eagle of Genoa shall yet teach the Lion of St. Mark to resp

The senator made a mute sign, and a guard of halberdiers surrounded the Genoese officers, who could not have resisted had they wished. But they followed the example of their leader

Then the old noble pointed to Don Lorenzo, and to the disguised page, who lay with her face hidden under her long curls, quite mute since the advent of this crowd.

Take up yonder boy," he ordered, sternly. "Guard the young viper well. He has murdered the princess, Julia Dandolo. If the man is alive, bring him along to the boats, and then

A stiff looking Swiss marched forward, seiz ed the seeming boy by the arm, and jerked him roughly to his feet. As he did so, and the false page's face was turned round to view, deathly page's face was turned round.

pale, framed in golden ringlets, Estella sprung
pale, framed in golden recognition. "Maforward with a scream of recognition. "Madonna mia!" she cried. "Count Faliero, it is

The old count was completely taken aback. He rubbed his eyes, looked at the half fainting princess, whom he instantly recognized, and for a moment was at fault. But his Itali an subtlety at once conceived two thingsmystery to be solved, a scandal to be hushed

up.
"Take care of her, Madonna," he whispered to Estella. "This must be settled in secret council."

"Halberdiers, put yon wounded man in a litter, and bring him after us. When we reach the city, keep back the people, and take him round by the private entrance of the palace.

Come, my lord count." He bowed to Bonetta with formal politeness. The affair had assumed a different aspect

since the mixing up of so high a family. In ten minutes more five gondolas were bearing back the party to Venice, three of which had followed the boat of Bonetta in the wake of that mysterious boat that had excited the curiosity of the Genoese steersman.

To be continued—commenced in No. 260.)

OLL COOMES' NEW STORY!

RED ROB,

BOY ROAD-AGENT

BY OLL COOMES.

In which this admirable writer deals with a line of incidents and character of a decidedly

original nature. A road-agent, and yet not a great rogue-a boy in years but a man in acts and judgment and Chester, smiling to himself, walked up-—a dread and a blessing—a bandit and a gen-tleman, Red Rob is a hero not all fiction, who through the door that Kate held open for him. -a dread and a blessing-a bandit and a genwill make a sensation in popular literature. "Did you know we were coming?"

False Faces:

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME. A MYSTERY OF THE CREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO
DEATH," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S
CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

CHAPTER XXV. THE SCHEME MARRED.

"LEAVE my office, or I will call the police!"

sputtered the doctor.

The keen eyes of Frank Ray saw that he was frightened, though he put on an assumption of courage.

"Call away, and you'll be toted to Ludlow street jail in a jiffy," answered the detective. "We'll search your apartments and see what we can find."

The doctor backed up against the door leading to an inner apartment in a suspicious man This movement was not lost upon Frank

Ray. "Oh! you've got her in there, have you?" he

"No—no—she is not here, I tell you," answered the doctor, in a kind of growl. Frank Ray caught him by the collar and wung him around from the door with the greatest ease.

'Stand out of my way if you don't want to get hurt," he cried. The doctor showed his yellow teeth like famished hyena, but he did not offer any fur-ther resistance, evidently satisfied of its useless-

"There's a lady patient there, who was brought to me last night," he said, remonstra-tingly. "She is suffering from an attack of

Frank Ray laughed scornfully.

"You'll suffer from an attack of catalepsy one of these days," he returned. "You will have a suppression of motion when you come to be hung up with a rope around your neck!"

The doctor showed his teeth again in a manner that indicated he was not pleased with the

Frank Ray opened the door, which led into a little dark bedroom. The opening of the door, however, threw considerable light with in and revealed a female form extended upon

"Here she is!" he cried,
"My child! Etta!" exclaimed Peter Shaw eeing the pale face, about which the golden

hair hung disorderly. He sprung into the room. Chester Starke also approached the door attracted by a strong

curiosity.

"She was brought here last night by strangers to me," cried the doctor. "I know nothing about her." "Tell that to the marines!" answered Ray
"We shall make so bold as to take her away." -she scarcely seems "She is senselessbreathe!" exclaimed Peter Shaw, apprehen

sively, from within. "Then he's chloroformed her again this morning," said Ray. He turned fiercely upon the doctor, adding: "I have a great mind to put a bullet through your ugly carcass! And I would, too, only I don't wish to cheat the

hangman of his due."

The doctor retreated in alarm.
"How shall we take her away?" asked Peter

Shaw, perplexedly.

"Wrap her in the counterpane, and Plearry her to the house," answered Ray.

"Will that not attract a crowd?" "Hardly, in so short a distance. I'll risk it

Gather up her clothes; I see them on a chair. She was brought here in the same fashion that we must take her away."
"Do you intend to make any charge against

me?" asked the doctor, anxiously. "The young lady has not received any injury since she has been here—and it was not my doing, her com-

Umph! do you think us fools to believe that?" returned Ray.
"You can't prove anything against me," in-

sinuated the doctor.
"Perhaps not," answered Ray, who had his motives for lulling the doctor into a sense of

"Don't take away my revolver—I am offering no resistance," urged the doctor.
"Shall I give it to him?" asked Chester, and

he looked reluctant to do so. Ray took the revolver, sprung back the han-

dle and removed the cartridges.
"There," he said, and gave the doctor the unloaded weapon. "You're not the kind of

man I would like to trust. But mind, no tricks, or you'll suffer. When will the girl awake?

'In two hours," answered the doctor, subscively. "But how did you discover that missively. "But how did you discover that she was here?" he added, with a curiosity that he could not control.

"Never you mind; that's our affair," returned Ray, shortly. Then he called out to Peter Shaw: "Are you ready, sir?"

"Very good! Let me have her." Ray entered the chamber and returned with Etta, closely wrapped in the counterpane, in

"I will cover this over her face when we reach the street," he said, "and walk fast. People mind their own business pretty well in New York, and I don't think anybody will trouble me. At all events, I shall not stop to

answer any questions. Come."
Ray bore the insensible form of Etta swiftly into the street, and Peter Shaw and Chester Starke followed him.

The people they met on the sidewalk stared surprisedly at Ray and the strange burden he lars, Doc. Let me sift the evidence. bore, but they could not exactly determine whether he was carrying a sick person or a dead body, but they knew he had a human shape in his arms; the counterpane could not conceal that.

Several turned and followed them. Ray reached the door of the house in which Etta lived and went swiftly up the stairs. Peter Shaw followed him; but Chester Starke paused and confronted the little crowd that had gathered at the door. He thought he might satisfy them and send them away.

A string of questions burst upon him at

"What's the matter? Anybody killed? Somebody run over? Another murder? Drunk,

I guess? Is it a boy, or what?" The old man's daughter was taken very sick at the doctor's, and he had to get a friend to bring her home?" replied Chester.

"Oh! Is that all?" The crowd dispersed in a manner that indicated they thought they had wasted their time,

stairs.

front window ever since you've been gone," answered Kate. "I saw you when you came answered Kate. I saw you when you came out of the doctor's house. Bless her dear heart! here she is again." She bustled about and placed the rocking-chair for him so he could deposit his burden in it. "Why, she's asleep, and oh! how awful pale she is. Oh, she isn't dead, is she?" she added, sinking her voice

to a scared whisper.
"No, no, she is still under the influence of the chloroform—she'll come to presently."
"She does look deathly," said Peter Shaw, as he joined them,

"She looks like a sleeping angel!" exclaimed Ray, fervently.
"Oh, Lord! now he's smitten with her

murmured Kate, despondently. "There 'll never be any chance for me until she's married Chester Starke now came in and closed the

door after him.
"There she is, Chester; what do you think of her?" asked Peter Shaw.

Chester gazed earnestly in the pale face, framed by the masses of golden hair, and Kate

vatched him eagerly. "If the eyes were only open I could tell petter," he answered, somewhat evasively; but I think she is a very charming young

lady."

"Ah, yes, he's fixed, too," murmured Kate.
"I never did see the like! Old and young, they're all alike! They've only to set their eyes on her to fall in love with her." Kate was right. Though it has been said that "a face with the eyes shut is like a house without windows," yet Chester saw enough in that face, even with its closed lids, to convince him that it was the face of all others that he

He felt that his destiny would henceforth

rest with her. Leaving the rescued Etta to the care of her friends, and she was fortunate in having so many and such strong ones, we will return to Doctor Watervliet's office.

That skillful, but unprincipled practitioner, was deeply chagrined at what had taken place. He knew that Edgar Skelmersdale and Cebra Selkreg would be very angry with him. ne shrugged his shoulders as he consoled himself with the reflection that it could not be charged to any fault of his.

He had been taken utterly by surprise, and mortal man could not have withstood the odds

rough against him. He anxiously awaited their coming, and momentarily expected them, for they had arranged to come in a carriage, and convey Etta to a house in the outskirts of the city, Selkreg providing it, where she could be kept in clos captivity until her marriage with Edgar Skelersdale could be consummated.

The scheme was well arranged, as all their schemes were—but what scheme was ever ye proof against accident?

When the doctor heard a carriage roll up to the door and stop, he knew that they had come. He smiled grimly, despite his own anxiety, in anticipation of the bitter disappointment that awaited them. What can they do about it?" he asked him

self, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It was not my fault." They came in, Selkreg in advance.
"Well, how is our fair patient?" he cried,
gayly. "Has she awoke?"

"Not yet," answered the doctor. "I applied the chloroform again to keep her insen-

"Good. Well, we may as well take her away. I've got the house all ready for her reception. Edgar, you'll have to put her in the carriage—you are stronger than I am."

Selkreg advanced to the door of the little

room and pushed it open.

"Holloa! she isn't here!" he cried. Not there?" exclaimed Skelmersdale. "What have you done with her?" questioned

The doctor smiled, but his exhibition of mirth was a ghastly one. In the world with the answered, falteringly.

"What do you mean?" "Her friends came here and took her

'The devil!" ejaculated Selkreg, in dismay Edgar Skelmersdale uttered a fearful im-

"Explain yourself, doctor," he added "What friends? How came they here? How did they know that she was here?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders in a help "I don't know," he answered. "There were three of them, two young men and one old,

and one of the young men said he was a detective. He took my revolver from me, and withdrew the charges. See, here it is."

"The fiend himself seems to be working against us!" exclaimed Edgar, moodily. "Well, it certainly does seem as if the Old Boy had a finger in the pie," said Selkreg. "I don't understand this business at all.

Never was a trick neater done-no clue was left, I thought, by which the girl could be traced here.

"I dropped the sponge there that I used for the chloroform," observed the doctor, deprecatingly, as if he thought that might have something to do with it.
"That doesn't matter; that would not give

any trace of the way we came or the way we went," rejoined Selkreg. "It looks very much to me as if we had a traitor among us. Can one of the band have betrayed us?"

"There is not a member of our order that dare turn traitor," answered Edgar. would know that no earthly power could shield him from our speedy vengeance. That's so. This is a tangled-up affair, and

I can't untwist it. Give us the full particu-Selkreg put the doctor through a rigid crossexamination as if he had been a witness upon the stand, and elicited all he knew, and a

scription of the three men who had taken Etta The description of the old man—that being the designation that the doctor applied to Peter Shaw-greatly perplexed the little lawyer.

"I can't imagine who this old party could be," he commented, musingly.
"Why, he was the girl's father," rejoined

the doctor. If a bombshell had suddenly fallen and exploded between Skelmersdale and Selkreg, they could not have been more astonished than

were at these words. "Her father!" they both exclaimed, simul-"Yes; he called her his child."

Selkreg and Skelmersdale exchanged glances "The dev-il!" ejaculated Selkreg.
"Can it be possible?" cried Skelmersdale. "It don't seem possible!" Selkreg turned gain to Watervliet. "See here, Doc, haven't you made a mistake? Do you mean to say it

was the same man we put down the chimney?" The doctor seemed puzzled by this question. "Why, no, it didn't look like him," he an-

"Lord, yes, I've had my head out of the swered, reflectively. "This man had long ont window ever since you've been gone," white hair and a full white beard." "Then it wasn't him!"

"Yes, it was," cried Edgar, positively. Selkreg turned a surprised look upon him. "What makes you think so?" he demanded.
"My heart tells me so. Genni Bartyne is

alive, and the father and daughter, thanks to is, are reunited." "How can that be?" asked the bewildered

He was very much chagrined to think that Skelmersdale should find a solution to this puzzling matter when he could not. "Things happen strangely in this world," replied Edgar. "I noticed last night, but

without paying any particular attention to it, that the broken chimney down which we thrust Genni Bartyne was on the roof of the house in which these girls were living. He must have fallen into their room, and could not have been much injured."

"Well, this just beats me!" ejaculated Sel-kreg. "But how could he tell that she was his daughter, for she couldn't have known it?" "Could he not have recognized her from her strong resemblance to her mother, as I did?"

That's so! But why didn't he break his neck when he fell? I say, Doc, wasn't that enough to kill him?" Doctor Watervliet shrugged his shoulders in

his characteristic way.
"It should have been," he answered; "but men survive all sorts of accidents.' Selkreg ran his fingers through his bushy

light whiskers nervously. "This is awkward!" he said "Even if we had carried out our plan and married you to the girl, Edgar, we should have been no nearer to the property; at least for the present, as we should have had to have waited for Bartyne's death before we could have realized. "He should have died suddenly," cried Ed-

gar, fiercely.

"Ah, yes, we intended him to die suddenly before, but he didn't. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' says the old proverb, and we slipped up on it. We had good intentions, but bad luck. What's the next

move on the carpet?" "To kill them both!" answered Edgar, savagely. "I'll have vengeance, if I can have nothing else.

"Hum! Don't take too much risk. You may rest assured that he'll look sharp after us now; and he's not the man to be trifled with. "You are right," said Doctor Watervliet.
The first thing to be done is to look to our own safety. I shall pack up and move this afternoon. The lodge-room must be given

"That's so," affirmed Selkreg. "This neighborhood is too hot for us now. The brotherhood must be warned not to assemble here any more. We are liable to have the police make a descent upon us at any time now. I have an idea that Bartyne was lying in wait for us, and we spoilt his scheme by carrying off the girl."

"Do you think so?" asked Edgar.
"I just do. We'll have to keep shady for a time. Things look squally. What was he doing with this detective? I'd give something handsome to know how many of us are spot-

'Bartyne knows me, of course," answered Edgar.

"And my complicity in the girl's abduction cannot be concealed," cried the doctor. And I am known as your legal adviser and I appeared with you at the wells when we went after the property," said Selkreg. "We three are in for it, but the rest, I fancy, are unknown. But that doesn't matter; we are the brains of the order, and the others are merely machines that obey our directions. We'll have to keep secluded. You'll have to leave here, Doc—and take a quiet lodging somewhere where you are not known. I shall retire to my country residence for a while upon the classic banks of the Bronx river, and

you had better go with me, Edgar.' "I will; we must disappear from the city, and leave no traces behind. We'll take a short rest while we devise some scheme to enrich us, since we have failed in the Bartyne business One bold scheme for profit, one daring blow for vengeance, and then I am done!"

"Ecce signum!" responded the little law-When Etta returned to consciousness, she

found herself in her own bed, and Kate sitting, sewing by the bedside. She opened her eyes languidly. Her head troubled her, her brain throbbed with a dull pain, and her eyelids felt as if they were

weighted with lead. "Dear me, how strange I feel," she murmured. "And no wonder-you've had a very long

sleep," answered Kate. "Have I?" rejoined Etta, dreamily. "Have you had breakfast?" 'Yes.' "Oh! why didn't you wake me?"
"I. thought it would be a pity, you were

sleeping so soundly." "I can't think what should have made me so sleepy." "Did you dream anything?" "No, I don't remember—dear me! my ideas

are dreadfully confused. Did Mr. Shaw ask for me at breakfast?" "Yes; he missed you very much."

"Lord, yes-he loves you just like a fa-"Yes-yes!" "And why shouldn't he?"

"Why?"

"Because he is your father!" Etta struggled up to a sitting posture in the "Did he tell you so?" she cried. "He did."

"Oh, I knew he was my father; I could not mistake the feeling that led me to love him!"
"He said he thought you knew him." "But he would not proclaim himself my father for fear these villains who had sought to

kill him should seek to injure me." "Well, you are just a witch for guessing." Here the twelve o'clock bellrung throughout the city. Etta listened to it surprisedly "Why, it surely isn't twelve o'clock, is it?"

"It surely is," answered Kate, laughingly. "Why, how I have slept!"
"I've left the coffee-pot on the stove for you; I thought you might like a cup before you

"Went! Where?" "We are going to the house in Eightieth street to-day—don't you remember what Mr. Shaw said? The carriage will be here at one

o'clock. Mr. Ray has gone for it."
"Mr. Ray; who's he?" "Oh! I forgot that you didn't know any thing about him-he's the detective that Mr. Shaw brought here."

"A detective—why did he bring a detect-

"Well, he didn't exactly bring him here, either; but then he was the means of his coming here; and a very nice-looking young fellow he is; not a bit like a policeman; and Mr. Starke is here, too—and he's a nice-looking oung man, too!"

Etta laughed musically.
"What a treat you must have had, Kate!" she cried. "Two nice-looking young men to talk to at once. Strange things must have happened while I was asleep."

"They have - stranger than you think

"What do you mean?" "There, dress yourself, and I'll help you. I've packed up all the rest of your things and mine, ready for a start; dress yourself, and I'll tell you all about it."

And Kate's tongue rattled on, delighted, for ten minutes, as she informed Etta of all that had taken place.

Etta was literally amazed at this revelation.

Then she went into the front room to be clasp ed in her father's arms in a fond embrace, and presented to Chester Starke, in these words:

"My daughter Henrietta, Chester—Henrietta Bartyne." "Bartyne?" echoed Chester, surprisedly "Yes; that is my true name—Peter Shaw no longer, but Genni Bartyne. No more dis-

guises—no more weakness. I have bold and inscrupulous foes, I know, but I will meet them as boldly, face to face, trusting in that Providence which has so far sustained me!" (To be continued—commenced in No. 252.)



AN OLD LETTER.

BY FRANK DAVES.

'Tis strange that tears will rise so fast
At such a page of bad handwriting;
'Twas not her first, though 'twas her lastGod save me hence from such inditing!
She speaks of birds and virgin spring,
Of dismal winter, dead, departed;
And then complains—coquettish thing—
Of me, and says I'm cruel-hearted!

She never meant it, for she knew
That all my ideas centered in her,
And that my gentle heart was true,
And that I'd do my best to win her,
And further on, in sentence smooth,
She speaks of faith and high endeavor,
With now a gleam of downright love,
And now a hint about the weather.

This page is yellow, worn and old,
And yet it makes my heart unquiet;
It once to me was pure gold,
And now greenbacks would hardly buy it.
A long adieu, fair Sarah Belle;
I'll fold away your dismal letter,
And take a drop of something!—well,
'Twill make me feel a little better.

The Letter-Box.

"Snookmus" (New York) writes:

"Is it customary or correct for gentlemen to keep up their correspondence with ladies after they (the ladies) have been married?"

If a lady has a friend with whom she has long corresponded, and to whom she has continued to write throughout her engagement, there is no reason why she should not continue to do so after her marriage, if her husband is agreeable to it. Any correspondence which it would not be proper for her to carry on after marriage she should not continue while she is engaged. A lady should never think of carrying on a correspondence to which her husband would object, but if he is willing, there is no impropriety in a friendly interchange of letters between herself and a gentleman friend. Very occasionally, however, is this customary; because most ladies have so many demands upon their time after marriage that they find few opportunities to devote to epistolary converse with old friends. SNOOKMUS" (New York) writes:

younger one out because the other has an escort. Neither are engaged. Can you tell me the best way to gain an interview and how to direct it?" Write the lady a letter and express your feelings toward her and ask for a plain answer. If you wish a verbal interview, ask the lady to accompany you to some entertainment where the return will give you the chance you seek; or write a note and say you will call upon her at a certain time for the purpose of a private interview. Then plainly state your case and learn your fate. We cannot guide you in a choice of expression, nor if you are very much in love will you need it.

Mary Jane writes:
"Do you think it would be forward or improper for a lady to call the attention of a gentleman standing to a vacant seat in a horse-car?"
Certainly not. A kind or courteous act can never be forward or improper.

EMELINE JAY (Boston, Mass.)

The question you propose is scarcely one of etiquette, but one which must be decided by individual feelings and physical qualities. Many ladies have so little physical courage, and are so devoid of strength of mind or character, that they would not think of attending a public place alone; but there is nothing wrong or improper—if a lady has no gentleman escort, and wishes to see a fine play, listen to good music, or hear an attractive lecture escape sermon—in her doing so quite by herself. We think most ladies who have intellect to appreciate these things will have character enough to enjoy them even though she go alone. Oftentimes you might find a companion in a lady friend. We think the cases are rare indeed, where a lady experiences any difficulty or unpleasantness in going to any places where business or inclination may call her.

places where business or inclination may call her.

JOSEPH O. (Previdence, R. I.) writes:

"About three months since I met, for the first time, a young lady cousin, and have learned to love her very dearly. She is almost a stranger here and supports herself. I have a good business and sufficient property to enable me to marry and immediately make my wife mistress of a pleasant home. I have asked I — to become my wife. She acknowledges that she loves me well enough to do so, but thinks the fact of our being cousins is an insurmountable obstacle. As far as I am concerned I love her well enough to take all risks. Can you give me any suggestions which will satisfy her?"

If you love each other there is not the slightest reason in the world why you should not marry; nor do we think that either of you should feel that you are incurring any risk in so doing. It is now generally conceded by medical authority that physical evils are no more likely to occur from the intermarriage of cousins than from the union of strangers who are remarkably alike physically.

ELLA (Raleigh.)

ELLA (Raleigh.)
The mottees you inquire about, "God bless our home," "The Lord is my shepherd," etc., you can procure—together with the worsted or floss for working the motto, and for filling in the groundwork if you desire—by sending an order to any large fancy goods establishment. The motto alone costs from fourteen to twenty-five cents. They are more beautiful at first worked with floss, but worsted is preferable as the silk soon fades. The handsomest we have seen is worked in shaded blue silks with yellow wheat-spears and background of black floss. Many frame without filling in. A long stitch is far preferable to a short one. They are very handsome placed under a mat and framed in a narrow flat band of gilt. ELLA (Raleigh.)

HOUSEKEEPER.
Ink spots on floors can be extracted by scouring with sand wet in oil of vitriol and water; rinse with strong potash-water. Take the ink out of linen by soaking in new milk or dropping hot grease on the spots, and then wash out.

GAVROCHE. The "newest novelty" in fans is one, the handle of which forms a pockethandkerchief which issues from the holder, which must be rich with lace, and delicately scented. Some fans have also a tiny scent-bottle inserted at the bottom of the fan handle. This is a novelty that has profit in it. It only costs about fifty dollars!

NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1875.

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The Arm-Chair.

A YOUNG man, writing us from Auburn, expresses impatience with those who are impatient with him for "wanting to get along faster in the world than his father before him." His idea seems to be that it is regarded as a crime for a young man to want to excel his father in "getting along"—in which idea he is no nearer correct than to assume that the father is invidious of the son's success.

The father is not only not averse to the son's "getting along," but sacrifices, labors, hopes, prays, to accomplish something for his son; and we believe that to these endeavors in his behalf by others is due the exaggerated or over-eager desire of the son to at once jump into a for-tune, or to a place of profit and honor that it has cost years of endeavor and struggle for others to attain.

The young man of to-day is not averse to work, but he is averse to time. To acquire a competency, or a good paying business, he thinks ten years a weary probation, and there-fore plunges with a kind of frenzy into trade, or a profession, or adventure, in order to reach the required result in half the time which it took his father to get established.

This zeal, in nine cases out of ten, wastes energies, incurs dangerous hazards, and ends in disappointment. It is the wrong spirit to carry into business. The right spirit is that calm determination to succeed, which is quite satisfied both to labor and to wait—to be contented with slow progress—to be undismayed by difficulties, and that looks forward to the future, not with impatience, but with patience

The men around us best tell the story of the treasure-seekers. Who are the "kings of business?" Not they who have leaped into sudden prosperity; not the young men whose fathers started them with a competency. No; the great men of to-day in all avenues of business are those who toiled into their places by the slow steps of men carrying heavy burdens. They learned all they know by that very toil. That toil it was, indeed, which made them masters of the situation: and he who would occupy their seats, when they are gone, must obtain their knowledge and power through the channels of work which their fathers have left open behind them. He who is unwilling to do the inexorable service that success demands as the price of its awards, must be content to let others occupy the front places.

Sunshine Papers.

The Season Poets Sing.

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Yes, Solomon, even so. I indorse your song. We are, indeed, fairly in the midst of the season that poets sing and that painters immortalize, as we are perpetually reminded by n white caps and daubed clothes swinging brushes, trotting through the streets with paint-pots, or hanging about the highways with ladders. Thomson-not your milkman, nor the un

dertaker at the corner; but the poet, who grew tired of this world and left it before you and I were compelled to enter it quite without our inclinations being consulted regarding the matter-pathetically inquired:

"But who can paint Like Nature?"

As he lived in the first part of the eighteenth century we cannot state but that the painting of nature, which to our advanced eyes is very distressing, was superior to that of art in this age, when Nature is very much below par, and artificiality above, I fear poor Thomson's question would only evoke an astonishe and pitying stare; especially from the paint ers themselves, who find in this season that the deluded poet invoked thus:

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!" the heyday of their prosperity.

And not only do the artisans just mentioned hail Spring with extreme partiality, but the masons, who have the cellar-bottoms to render into terra firma once more, and the broken walls to reset; the learned gentlemen of the bench, who must mend divorced sash-weights. chisel unruly doors, and restore the flooring to the parlors; the plumbers, who rush to the res eue of distressed house-holders undergoing the horror of

"Water, water everywhere, But not a drop to drink;"

and the paper-hangers, who are in demand to treat capitally what the servants, or boarders or demoralized water-pipes, or "the family just moved out," have rendered unfit for any other handling.

Then, too, how sensible to the charms of this ideal and poetical season are the happy mortals who vainly offer high cash inducements to the artisans already crowded with orders, and secure a workman for one day to lose him again for five; who live for weeks upon bare floors, inhaling odors of paint and kalsomine; who dare not sleep at night because the carpenter has not repaired the windows, nor the lock-smith come to put the door-fastenings in order who subsist upon slops, and cold victuals, and fever and ague medicine, while they await the time and pleasure of the man who is to put a new range in the kitchen! How they ought to appreciate Thomson, and feel with him that Spring is the season for

An elegant sufficiency, content, Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books, Ease and alternate labor, useful life, Progressive virtue and approving Heaven!"

But we entertain a few harrowing doubts as to whether they do! True, there may be an elegant sufficiency of work to do, and bills to pay, and dirt to combat, and impudent servitors to endure; there may be experienced a small amount of contentment that the fickle atmospherical changes did not carry off the baby with croup or lay up James with the rheumatciated; equally undoubtedly, no kind of quiet nor retirement will be found; friendship in the springtide is apt to resemble "The uncertain glory of an April day!" books are to be kept out of sight, labor finds no alternation with ease, while "Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!" are only thought of when the completion of new suits insures the renewal of responses in the church pew-if then!

For new suits and Spring are inseparable especially to the feminine portion of humanity It matters not how many house-cleaning house-repairing, or removal cares may burden the female world, added thereto must be the fearful responsibility of selecting a new outfit -the weightiest one, indeed, of all! What if the basements and bedrooms are not as clean as the faultlessly-renovated parlors, nor the carpets and furniture for those apartments assigned their future places? Society will not censure sham fine housekeeping if the mistress makes a stylish appearance in the show-rooms of her house. But if she don last year's suit how they will pull her to pieces! They will criticise the length of the skirt, smile at the year-old trimming, and bow very coolly to her pecause her shoulder-seams are not elongated or curtailed agreeable to the latest regulations. Realizing this, women who do not possess extraordinary strength of character will not allow any trifling duties pertaining to house or family to interfere with the immediate completion of a new costume!

"The winter is past, the rain is over." but oh! Solomon, how about the dust that ruins velvet cloaks, disfigures new silks, plays the mischief with Easter bonnets, and forces poor humanity to swallow twice the traditional quantity of dirt? And how about the fogs that prevail when the dust-storms do not, exposing to terrible temptations our Christian graces and the winds that tan and mottle the faces of the fair? "The flowers appear on the earth, or, as Heber sings, "Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing earth." We know all that, for there never was a would-be poet, or a country newspaper, that has not advertised the blooming of dandelions, and violets, and primroses through ages of successive springs But if Heber and all the lesser chaps that spend so much time describing spring flowers had them to buy for their wives', and sisters', and daughters' bonnets, they would not be likely to feel mirthful enough to let the earth or any other thing laugh; for though elegant flowers put in an appearance with the coming of spring, elegant prices are demanded for them

"The time of the singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Ah! Solomon, in this land and age is a marked improvement upon the days of your We have the singing of birds the year round; import them from Europe, you know. As for the voice of the turtle, the mud-turtle, there is not the slightest reason why, with the advent of spring, it should not be heard in our land; for one of the charms of this season of the year is the fording of rivers where we recollect streets once to have been, and the carrying of real estate about on our feet and

clothes, nolens volens.

Coleridge sung that "The Spring comes slow-ly up this way." Happy Coleridge! If but it would come slowly our way and give us time to spread our discomforts into a solemn prossion, instead of burying us under heaped-up But let it come what way it will, it misery. is a fruitful source of conversation. Ordinarily, the weather is considered a dernier resort, but at the close of winter, ideas seem stupefied, and every one talks of atmospherical freaks, solemnly averring there never was such a spring before, and grow so irreverent under the sense of accumulated discomforts, as to feel contempt for poets, and equal to the parodizing of Pope, to the extent of making him say:

"Death of winter, to mortals direful spring Of woes unnumbered."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

HINDRANCES.

Is it not a bit singular how common it is to hrow cold water on any scheme or plan that romises to be of some benefit to the world Does it not often appear as though some minds hated any new ideas in others, and would do all in their power to retard one's progress? Johnny is striving at some invention, which he fondly imagines will be worthy of a patent, how much encouragement do you imagine h gets? Not much! His father complains that he is wasting his time; his mother complains of the clutter he makes on the floor. His re ations think it perfectly preposterous that children should have any ideas of what will be of use to the world. They don't want any progress or improvements. They want to keep in the old hackneyed grooves. their parents did not want any of these new fangled notions, neither do they; their parents succeeded in doing without them, and they think they are just as capable of doing the

I believe history is quite silent on the sub ject, but I wouldn't wonder one atom if some of our inventors, who have proved so useful in producing labor-saving machines, had to go vithout their suppers, and received a sound spank into the bargain, as a reward for show ng others the germ of some invention which

has since brought them a fortune. This striving to keep back genius by the discouraging words of "it will never amount to ' will never do in the world. It is a heathenish sort of a saying, and unfit to be used in a civilized and Christian community.

Look at the sewing-machine, one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon our sex, and one of the mighty powers of the land. Was that machine introduced without many discouragements? Were there not many good people who imagined it would take away work from the seamstress' hands and render without being able to earn a livelihood? How contrary the case has proved! It has given more work and better wages to those who were dependent on their needles. Scarcely a home is too poor to live without one; they are deemed a public necessity. A woman work and accomplish more in a few hours than any one could by the eternal stitch, stitch stitch by hand in the olden times. I am glad the inventors had "spunk" enough not to listen to the words of discouragement dinned in-

to their ears. I was reading the other day of a noted individual who thought it an awful thing for a paper to be published more than once a week. was in those good (?) old times when newspapers were a rarity and innovations frowned upon as though they were some fear-The reason for this person's objection was, he thought a paper would distract too much of one's attention if a newspaper were to appear more than once a week, and would unfit him for the practical duties of his actual life. It is exceedingly laughable to ponder over so weighty an objection. I am afraid fit if he lived in these days, when newspapers are issued four and five times a day.

I don't know as "gumption" is a very elegant word to make use of, but I do know that it is a very expressive one, and one that I find quite applicable in describing a certain go ahead quality of many individuals, who will not allow old-fogyish ideas to retard their progress; they have "gumption" enough of their own to make headway despite of all barriers. If they know a treasure lies under a stone they are not going to allow it to remain there because people say the stone is too heavy to be removed. They will find a way to remove the stone, and they ought to be commended for their perseverance, and not have everybody crying in their ears—"It is of no use. may depend upon it that those who send up such a doleful, dismal wail are useless individuals—useless to themselves and the community at large, and the sooner they are sent to Guinea the better.

There is something for us all to do in this world, something for us all to accomplish, some problem to work out. For such purposes were brains and minds given to us. We were not intended to keep in our beaten track all the time. We were meant to progress. The world moves, and we must move with it. We cannot expect improvements to be made if we throw cold water on all experiments and try to crush them by disheartening words. If we cannot aid, do not let us discourage. If we haven't money to help an inventor, can't we do what we are able, by our influence, to secure for him a hearing with some one who can aid him pecuniarily? I verily believe Heaven smiles on those who encourage others along. Seriously, now, don't you agree with EVE LAWLESS.

WRONG CONDEMNATION.

ARE we not apt to be too severe upon the wealthy class of individuals, who dwell in this sphere with us who are less prosperous? We style them cold and callous, haughty and proud, niggardly and mean. They may seem so to us, and, in some cases, they may really be so, yet there may be some excuse for all this. Having all they need at their command, how can they be expected to feel for the wants of the poor as do the poor themselves? A man of weath is obliged, at times, to decline to aid, with his money, some charitable object, and we at once set him down as mean and stingy. Unless we are possessed of wealth, we do not know of the thousands and tens of thousands of calls the man of means has, daily, upon his purse. Were he to subscribe ever so little to very charity he is requested to aid, he would soon become an object of charity himself. He has officers of benevolent associations tugging at him, beseeching him for money, leeching him, and actually haunting him to so great ar extent as to make him believe that money it self, and not the love of it, is the root of all

Perhaps a great number of these men whose names never appear upon the lists of those who contribute to public benefactions, and whom we stigmatize as cold-hearted, may be doing a world of good with their funds by dispensing them in individual and private chari

We are apt to blame the young men for their extravagance in cigars and clothes. Might we not be the same if placed in the same circumstances? But how little they give in charity, you say! Well, how much do we call upon them, personally? scarcely ever! We put them down as uncharitable and extravagant, but we do not try in any manner to prove it. We call upon their parents and leave them alone. No doubt they read in the newspapers of the want, suffering and destitu tion of the poorer classes, but, not seeing it for themselves, they lay it to the brain of some sensational reporter who wishes to create ar xcitement. How should they be sure that there is so much want in the world? They do not see it in the parties they go to, the amusements they attend.

The beggar's foot rarely ever presses the street in which their princely homes are situ-Yet, if the misery and abjectness of others were presented to their notice, their hearts would, no doubt, be as tender as others and their money flow as freely. Too hastily are we apt to condemn the faults of all for the shortcomings of individuals, and, because there are many who are niggardly of their means, we condemn the entire wealthy class.

We should thank God that we have men among us who do not allow their riches to make them less Christians and less human. It is not the wealth of the man which will keep him out of heaven; it is the wrong use he will make of that wealth.

Foolscap Papers.

Concerning Sidewalks. THE following rules and regulations concernng sidewalks of this town must be gumarabi cally adhered to, or the sidewalks will be set up on edge, dug up, taken in, or stood up

against the house: No one will be allowed to walk on these walks faster than a gallop—pedestrians on foot will please motice this: provided they have no twenty-foot ladder on their shoulder, when it will be well to proceed as fast as possible and get by quick. This disperses all useless crowds on the walks, and gives the throng an air of

liveliness, and sweeps all drunken men off into Keep your umbrella down before you in a shower, and proceed with a firm, quick step. If any people runs against you it is their mis

A shoulder-load of fish-poles, with hooks loose at the ends, will be found to answer all practical purposes very well. All persons who do not know how to walk

right, on these sidewalks, will be promptly furnished with Walker's dictionary. All fruit-stands, if their proprietors will conent to it, will be rigidly moved off the walks. All persons falling out of second-story

dows upon these walks are expected to fall as light-heartedly as possible, and not break the paving slabs. If they find they are about to fall they can first come down and put out a straw bed. A little thoughtfulness in this will save much damage. A wheelbarrow propelled by powerful hands

is a very convenient thing on these sidewalks. They should be made low so as to scoop 'em up with dispatch. A wheelbarrow in the hands of an expert will accomplish more real work in a day on a sidewalk than two men can imag-In passing a man it will be well to turn the

same way when he starts to the right, then jump to the left, then back again; this can be continued until you get desperate, then make a straight bulge ahead, run him down, and go on your way rejoicing.

Turn all corners short and with speed; this ism; undoubtedly rural quiet would be appressuch a man would expire in a "conniption" will very often afford you an opportunity of glory of God's children in heaven.

running against some other fellow and knocking him down, and greatly relieves the monoony of street life.

In bowing to every vailed lady on the street. thinking you know her, you are likely to be right once in a while, and when you are right it is such a relief of conscience.

Sporting men are expected to travel over these sidewalks in a shuffling gait.

Burglars must take the locksten. Persons who are not able are expected to valk with cane

The absorbed step of the poet will be oberved upon these sidewalks, but when he is so absorbed in day-dreams as to run against lamp-posts he shall not be looked on with any degree of allowance—especially if the allowance has already been great.

Nobody allowed on these walks except on

business; if they have no business then they will have no business on these walks. In the shop-windows along these walks peo-

ple will always see something valuable—if it is only themselves. Gentlemen preferring to sleep in the gutters

with their heads on these curbstones, are requested not to snore and wake the town police no such midnight disturbances tolerated. Drunken men are expected to have such

nice discriminations of gentility that they will walk in the street, because those who won't go home till morning are not allowed to take these

When you slap the stranger on the back walking in front of you, thinking he is an old acquaintance, you will find it exceedingly pleasant to get out of it the best way that you

If you are walking with another man and slip up on an orange peel it shall be your duty to get his permission in writing to catch hold

of him in falling.

If you should stump your toe in bowing to ladies, and fall down, you should feel just as careless and indifferent about it as you possibly can.

No man will be allowed to take up all the sidewalk in walking unless he is troubled with

enlarged feet. Fat men who take up too much space will be taken in-to the station, and they will

shrink from taking up too much of the space of the United States.

No one on these walks will be allowed to look down on any one else, unless they are

above every one else. Book and insurance agents are cordially in

vited to walk a few inches off these sidewalks WASHINGTON WHITEHORN

Woman's World.

It is not certain that the waists to the spring iress will be made quite long, with high shoul ders and narrow backs, a combination of the cuirasse and basque—properly named the cuirasse-basque — fitting smoothly over the hips and rounded deeply both front and back.

All low bodices are cut with bias fronts, closed with a piping, and buttoned or laced at

Sleeves are long and close, narrow at the wrist, except in the case of a low bodice, and this is often cut a low square with a strap across the shoulder, and if the wearer has fine arms, without any sleeves at all.

Skirts are still cut long and tied up with strings; for walking they are perfectly plain, except at the back, where they are laid in a

proad triple-box pleat. Where overskirts are worn, aprons will propably be the style throughout the summer. Imported dresses show a change from very deep to short aprons, although the dresses made here have not as yet been in imitation of them in this respect. Many dresses are, of course, worn without overdresses. A favorite style for making the skirts to these is either perfectly plain in front and elaborately trimmed be hind, or elaborately trimmed in front and plain

Overskirts are not lined, nor generally are other skirts, as all drapery is made clinging, to show as much as possible the natural figure.

The skirts of all handsome dresses are faced

on the inner edge with plaitings of muslin edged with patent valenciennes lace; this, and the handsomely gored and trained underskirts, which are cut nearly the length and exactly the shape of the dress skirt, make them "stand out" sufficiently, while yet falling in graceful folds. The shape of the underskirt is a very important matter with the present style of dress. It is indispensable that they are gored close, and made so that length and fullness shall be massed behind.

There is a certain kind of plain, all silk, heavily meshed grenadines, which are just as standard as black silk; many ladies would as soon be without one as the other, and, indeed, one is nearly as useful and available as the other. But these are not the fashionable grenadines par excellence. The latter always change their style and pattern every season and this year make their appearance in small and large checker-board patterns, the squares filled in with silk netting of cobweb fineness, differing in size, the broad or narrow bars rossing like ribbons and alternately in squares of ribbed satin, plain silk, or crape

There is no doubt that we are to have a qua drille season, not of high-colored tartans, but of dark brown plaid and soft gray tints well blended. These are in broken, irregular plaids, even cross-bars, pin-head checks, large blocks, and every possible arrangement of squares They are usually shades of some quiet color, but the newest are "illuminated. say, by lines and bars of vivid scarlet, blue or Something of the illuminated lines appears in the trimmings, as pipings, facings and lining of bows, collar and sash ends. De bege will be the popular material in these designs,

and a large percales. The stripes of last year have lost their vogue; some will be worn, of course, as they are in the market, but the new imported cos sumes will be all composed of the cross-barred grenadines made over complete costumes of plack or colored silk, and the fashionables will

Fine jet will be largely used on grenadine costumes and suits, because the market is stocked with it, but this season will finish it up. Thrifty ladies who want a suit to look well two easons had better avoid it.

TRUE love rejoiceth at the prosperity of the We should will, and then look to God for

ower to do. None are so near falling as those who are most confident of their own standing.

Even in good hearts there is sometimes more

resumption than strength. Blessed is the man whom God loveth, though all the world hate him.

The holiest of men knows not his own strength till temptation brings him to the trial.

A blissful death is the way to the eternal

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders. Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folic or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All expesienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offeringe early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information ntion .- Correspondents must look to this column for all infor in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in spec

We accept "Fate;" "Plain Jane;" "It Might Have Been;" "Rippling Water;" "Miss or Mrs.;" "A Single Mistake;" "See the Shadows;" "The Price of a Heart;" "Crochet-work;" "Six Days in Work;" "Maudaline."

And decline "Ina;" "Captured and Released;"
"The Spirit of the Bluft;" "A Cordial Welcome;"
"Gum Swamp Experience;" "An Arkansas Traveler;" "The Thrush's Song;" "A Lazy Lout;"
"She Came and Went;" "Big Joe Brock;" "A
Match of Eyes."

D. S. L. We never return MSS, at our own ex-H. G. S. We believe the "Greeley Colony" in Colorado is but a partial success. ROBT. A. Our answers to queries on fishing are prepared by Capt. Fred Whittaker, who, as a sports-

FRANK D. Poem is very good. We always have place for such. Same to G. R. W.

DICK TALBOT. The cheapest route to California is by the Panama steamers. Oregon is a good place for you.

Aggre. Your MS. probably was one which we re-fused to receive, owing to underpaid postage. If so it has gone to Dead Letter office.

ORME. Any seedsman's catalogue will guide you both in selection of flowers and their proper mode of cultivation. Dan R. We will try and comply with your request, and next week give a chapter on the flower

MRS. P. T. B. See "Woman's World" for notes in goods and styles for spring wear. Write to some one of our great stores for samples.

OVERLAND KIT. Each sleeper must sleep in the osition most comfortable to himself. People with eart disease cannot lie on their lett side.

Tom Sanderson. We can supply the Tales and Traditions series, edited by Edward S. Ellis, for ten cents each for the twelve numbers. APPRENTICE. The stonecutter's trade is a good one, and always will be so. Go to some town where there are quarries, and you will have no difficulty in apprenticing yourself.

Bangor Boy. Cut hang-nails close with a pair of scissors. Never irritate the corners of the nail.—Sixteen is early enough to go to a trade. Any trade connected with building is sure to be good.

MAURICE GERALD. Your failing is not at all uncommon. As a rule drink as little as possible, and never after tea. Also avoid alcohol in every shape at all times. The trouble will pass away.—We do not sell Capt. Mayne Reid's "Headless Horseman" in book shape.

FRED SARTELLE, Colorado Sp. The umpire's decision was incorrect. Any fielder can suggest a point to play, or direct another player to throw or catch a ball. Beadle's Dime Base-Ball Player for 1875, edited by Henry Chadwick, is just out. It is "authority."

"authority."

AURORA BOREALIS. This winter is by no means as severe as some we have mention of. In the year 1741 in New England snow fell Nov. 18th, and the next April was still deep enough on the ground to cover fences out of sight. The winter of 1808 was even more severe than this has been. On March 28th, 1809, the people of Thompson's Island (Boston Bay) crossed over the ice to Dorchester—the fifteenth Sunday they had done so.

SPECIILATOR. The value of our pine forests in

SPECULATOR. The value of our pine forests increases each year. All the pine woods in Michigan and Wisconsin are now owned by lumbermen. Very extensive purchases are now being made in Florida and Southern Georgia, where pine forests still exist. These will largely supply the seacoast market hereafter. The Canada forests are also very generally held by large operators in pine lands. An acre that produces ten good pine trees is a "big pull." The price of lumber is now as low as it ever will be in this country.

OBED JOSIAH. Kyanite is a mineral composed of silica and alumina. It is very hard and exceedingly difficult to fuse. To kyanize wood (or render it proof against decay) is not to infuse it with kyanite. It is called kyanize from its inventor's name—Kyani. Kyanizing is to soak the wood for a while n a solution of corrosive sublimate.

A CONSTANT READER. Mr. Seward, "whom Suratt attempted to kill," did not commit suicide. He died of a general breaking down of the frame. Suratt did not attempt to kill Mr. Seward. Lewis Payne Powell, the son of a Florida clergyman, made the attempt on Seward's life.—Esq. after a name is simply an honorary appellation—a contraction of the word esquire or squire.

J. M. S. The pulse of a healthy man beats not igher than 80 to the minute. The range is between higher than 80 to the minute. The range is between 60 and 80. The pulse of young persons is faster—that of an infant ranging from 108 to 120 per minute.—A good weight for a person, in mid-life, five feet and six inches in hight, is 135 to 145 pounds. A moderate amount of soda swallowed by mistake will do no permanent harm.

ADDIE MASON. The quotation should be:
Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman,
Though they may gang a kennie wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving Why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.
It is from Burns' little poem, "To the Unco' Guid."
Horsewoman. To give you advice regarding

Horsewoman. To give you advice regarding horseback riding for young girls and ladies, we will say first, that unless they have nerve and pluck they can never make good riders. Let them first get a horse to suit them; then a saddle of the right size, and then learn to sit perfectly therein while the horse is standing still; after which they must accustom themselves to a walk, then to a slow trot, then tom themselves to a walk, then to a slow trot, then a slow canter; afterward a swift trot, and then a sweeping gallop or ron. Also they must have pa-tience and endurance, and in time they will become

equestriennes.

QUINCUPLEXEL writes, from Evansyille, Indiana:
"I want to know, ist. If a rifle that works on the
same principle as a revolver, that is, with a revolving breech, is not called a repeating rifle. 2d.
What will one cost with a bore about '90,' that is,
ninety round balls (to fit the bore) to the pound, if
such a small bore can be had? Please answer as
soon as possible, as I intend purchasing one before
winter is over, as there are plenty of ducks here
now. I have heard that that kind of gun has but
little force, and would not do very well for squirrel
and duck-shooting. Please inform me on that
point." Ist. Any rifle that carries the power within
itself of firing more than one shot without reloading is strictly a repeater. Double barrels, however,
are excluded from this. The Colt's revolving or
repeating arms are regular repeaters. Another itself of firing more than one shot without reloading is strictly a repeater. Double barrels, however, are excluded from this. The Colt's revolving or repeating arms are regular repeaters. Another kind of repeating arm is the magazine gun, such as the winchester and Ward Burton. In these arms the cartridges are kept in a thin barrel called the "magazine," and worked into the firing barrel successively by the breech action. The Colt's rifle is very little used now. The pistol is an excellent weapon, but the revolving chambers are too short to contain the long cartridges with heavy charges used in modern rifles. If the chambers are lengthened, the weight of the gun becomes too great. Revolving rifles are therefore almost obsolete now. 2d. The method of classing guns by the number of balls that go to the pound is now obsolete. Almost all rifles are guaged by the diameter of the bore in hundredths of an inch, the bore being known as callber so and so, expressed decimally. Thus the U. S. Springfield-Allyn breech-loader is 45 cal or cal. 45; the New York State Remington arm is cal. 50, and so on. The largest caliber now in any military rifle is the English Snider, cal. 57, that is, 577 thousandths of on inch in diameter. Shot-guns alone are still theoretically guaged by the number of balls to the pound, from 8 to 14 being the usual extremes for all kinds of service, and are known as of No. 8 (9, 10, 12 or 14) guage respectively. A third way of guaging guns, especially rifles, is by the absolute weight of each bullet, such as an ounce rifle, a two-ounce rifle. This is adopted only by the English for hunting-rifles, and is becoming obsolete. The smallest bore used for rifles now is cal. 22. This is almost useless except for gallery-shooting. Don't think of getting any such a thing for ducks. What you want is a ten or eight-guage shot-gun. The Remington double-barreled breech-loader of that guage will cost you \$45. Any great gunmaker will sell you a single gun, muzzle-loader, for \$12. The \$45 gun is the cheapest in the

Unanswered questions on hand will appeared week.

"APRIL."

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

April's myriad sunshine arrows
Hurtled 'round a maiden fair;
Arabesqued her cosy boudoir;
Pansing, pinned her lustrous hair.
With her pronze-brown eyes a-sparkle
Quickly prisoning, beam astray,
Snow-white aeronaut, she chartered,
Sent the smile-wealth on its way.

Sont the smin-wealth on its way.

Soon the dainty, freighted message
Safely reached its destined port;
Soon its thought-dips set in motion,
Hope-rills, in a heart afloat.
Thus, the merry scribe had written:
"If you wish to know your fate;
With your pencil, gently pressing,
Ope the lace-formed, mystic gate!"
Swift the novel entrance touching
Lo, disclosed a crystal pool;
Whose soft shean, reflected mainly;
Only two words—"APRIL FOOL!"

Twilight drifted to its moorings;
Evening launched her silvered bark;
Sky-born sails cleft earth-born shadows,
Whither speeds that hunan ark?
Hope's bright dove that morn had wandered,
Night returned no olive branch—
Only wreathing boughs of cypress
Circled fate-words—waifs of chance.

"Heart adrift from isles Utopian;
Love's frail billows turned to foam;
Ocean wide must be the refuge
For a heart whose peace has flown!"
Could that be a gloaming shadow—
"Harry! why—are you at home?"
"No, I'm on Love's Ocean sailing—
Blissful ocean—dearest, own!"
Shine and shade, like April weather,
Kissed the joy-flushed cheeks, quite cool,
As he bent to catch the whisper,
Briefer yet, then—"April Fool!"

The Terrible Truth:

THE THORNHURST MYSTERY

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CO-RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

AN OLD ADAGE VERIFIED. SIR RUPERT ARCHER was the sensation very soon after that. A handsome young baroned with a yearly income of ten thousand pounds and an estate in Sussex, with wonderful reports of its extent and magnificence floating in the charmed atmosphere he frequented, was a worthy acquisition to New York upper tendom, and it was not long before Sir Rupert Archer was actually embarrassed from the manner in

which he was besieged on all sides. 'For a young man of ordinarily modest pretensions, this is proving rather too much no toriety," remarked the baronet to Vane Vivian as they sat smoking together in the apartments of the former. "See that stack of cards and scented, rose tinted notes, will you? Most of them from people I've never seen and never care to see. Why the deuce couldn't I have care to see. Why the deuce couldn't I have avoided this season of yours and timed myselto my real object in coming—a grand buffalo-hunt on those wide Western prairies. I might as well have gone to Brighton, at once, as to cross the Atlantic the last of October. I go to the country for a week, fortunately. I could broken strain like the fortnight past."

'Will you always be the same unpretending flower, Sir Rupert? This is of a piece with your running away from a party of American tourists at Florence who fell in love with you at first sight, and were determined to make a lion of you, willy nilly."

"I haven't your bravery, Vivian, as exhibited then or now. I'll never forget your coolness displayed in rescuing me from that nest of brigands I walked into with open eyes.

"A remarkable feat, wasn't it, after you had held your own against eight of them for a good half hour, dropped three, and would have routed the rest but for their hope of reinforcelook behind them when my seven-shooter opened on them from the rear. I remember you declared you would rather face the same situation over again than be dragged back to that

tourist party in Florence."
"Notwithstanding which you were relentless in dragging me back. And, speaking of constitutional modesty, you certainly have your own share of it. I succeeded in making myself quite interesting to Miss Carteret, last evening, in relating how gallantly you had come to my rescue, and rendered the important service of saving my-to me-rather valu-It appears you had never even hinted the fact among your friends.

'Nothing to boast of, my dear fellow, since, as I remarked to like effect before, you were in the fairest possible way of saving yourself. But now suppose we go back to the original You are being bored to death, to take our own word for it, here in New York, What do you say to a month at Thornhurst where we all go for the Christmas festivities? I've been wanting to propose it ever since we met, but was almost afraid the attractions of the metropolis would prove too great an object against all we can offer you. Thornhurst is a fine old place for all that. Not to compare with your Sussex parks and manors, I dare say, but a spot we are rather inclined to be There's some game of the smaller sorts, plenty of liberty, and enough of the city element to accompany us, not to mention our standard families there. Do you think you can resign yourself to the prospect, Sir Ru-

Resign! My dear Vane, nothing could delight me more. I can breathe again with that pleasure in prospective, and be reconciled meantime.'

"Then I shall report you on the list. Mrs. Grahame and Miss Carteret have both been anxious to secure you among the number of our Christmas guests.

A pretty little girl, that Miss Carteret, Vane," "remarked Sir Rupert, lighting a fresh "Do you mean to marry her?" cigar. "Do you mean to marry ner."
"I? A deuced nice question for you to ask,

that is. Ain't I going the straight road to perdition fast enough without dragging a dainty piece of flesh and blood like Nora Carteret along with me?"
"But you might stop on the road, Vivian.

Pardon the liberty, my dear fellow, and allow me to say from what I've seen of late I fancy you absolutely need to put a check upon your

Sir Rupert tossed away the freshly-lighted cigar and stood up, dropping his hand affectionately upon the other's shoulder.

It is not the habit among men to interfere with one another's pursuits, whether of business or pleasure or licensed vice, and Vane Vivian knew only the sincerest depth of friendship prompted this approach to remonstrance. He was not untouched by it, but habit is a strong

master, and he only answered, carelessly:
"You never were more correct in your life, I dare say. I haven't a doubt but I'll find a check sooner or later. The path I've been

traveling of 'reckless days and restless nights' is apt to lead somewhere, and I'll find the end of it at the appointed time. By-the-by, don't let any consideration for me stand in the way if you've any notion of falling in love with Nora yourself, Sir Rupert."

They were both at a brilliant dinner-party

given by Mrs. Grahame that same evening, in honor of Sir Rupert himself. He would leave for a short trip into the country on the following day, and Mrs. Grahame had determined that the dinner should eclipse anything of the sort which had gone before.

Nora was at her fairest, as the baronet lean ed over her chair during the evening, for Miss Carteret was an exception to the modest Englishman's general avoidance of the sex. A very pretty, attractive little girl, this Miss Carteret was, and her greatest charm, in his eyes, was her lack of all affectation, her natural candor and truthfulness.

"I never was more delighted with any young lady in my life," Sir Rupert mused, run-ning his fingers through that rippling bronze beard, looking down upon the bright, graceful head, the fair outline of face, and snowy throat. "And yet I am not the least in love with her She is not at all after my ideal—that is, the ideal I have pictured dimly as some day filling the vacancy at Archer Hall. But I believe in my soul it would be the salvation of Vivian if he once come under the influence of

this brown-eyed fairy."
"Sir Rupert Archer, where have your thoughts gone, pray? Are you aware that you thoughts gone, pray? Are you aware that you have been answering my remarks quite indiscriminately—that you said 'yes' to my twice-repeated question of your opinion regarding Nilsson, and 'very fine' when I asked if you intended visiting Washington during the session there. And you were looking at me as though you might have been gazing 'down the corridor of time,' instead.

"And I have left my impression there quite ahead of time. I was not aware I had faller dreaming, but you American young ladies are so remarkably wide awake that I must look sharp after myself. Has Vivian told you that I have accepted his invitation to go to Thorn-

"I have scarcely passed three words with Mr. Vivian all the evening, but Mrs. Grahame found opportunity to whisper the glad tidings. Let me commend the excellent taste you have displayed, Sir Rupert. New York is delight ful, but Thornhurst surpasses it. There is only one drawback to my perfect enjoyment at

"And that is?" he asked. "And that is?" he asked.
"Owen Dare. That man is coming to be
the bete noir of my existence. Sir Rupert, do
you imagine the influence he contrives to exert over Vane is for any good?"

The brown eyes looked up at him a trifle
anxiously, while the dainty flush in the sensi-

tive face deepened perceptibly.

"Really, I have not given Mr. Owen Dare credit for exercising any influence over Vivi-an. Vane is not the sort of person to be easily influenced. I confess that I never took particularly to Mr. Dare, however, not even when saw more of him than I have done here, up on the continent."

"I am morally certain that Owen Dare has some deep-rooted spite against Vane. I know him to be a hypocrite; I believe him thorough-ly unprincipled. I have caught him once or twice, when he thought himself unobserved, with a look in his eyes, not a pleasant look, and one I am sure which bodes no good to Vane. I tried to warn him once, but he would not listen to me. You are his friend, Sir Rupert; if any one can counteract Dare's influence, you can. Persuade Vane to trust less freely in him, to put his loyalty to the test, at least to put it out of his power to nottest, at least to put it out of his power to poi son Colonel Vivian's mind against his son. believe him fully capable of it.

"Do you fear that, Miss Carteret? That would be worse than any influence he is apt to exert over Vane individually. I cannot imagine any good to come through warning him however. Vane is one of those impulsive mortals who will stand by a friend the more faithfully for believing him maligned. We must hope it may not prove bad as you fear, Miss Carteret.

At least there was comfort in the fact that he had not totally ignored her cause for fear, as Vane had done. There was comfort to Nora, also, in the knowledge that one person beside herself did not "take particularly Owen Dare. All the rest, the colonel, Mrs. Grahame, Vane himself, considered Dare im-

"Sir Rupert!" It was Mrs. Grahame, glid-er up to interrupt their tete-a-tete. "Here ing up to interrupt their tete-a-tete. are some of my guests absolutely complaining they have not had a glimpse of the English lion yet. Nora, if you must monopolize Sin Rupert, you should choose a more prominent position, and so gratify the laudable curiosity of our friends. Indeed, I must veto sequestra tion such as this."

And Mrs. Grahame swept the baronet away from the quiet corner to take up the role h protested against—the lion of the evening She was back, however, in a moment, before Nora had stirred from the retired spot.

"What has Sir Rupert been saying all this time, Nora?" she asked, sinking down into the vacant place. The natural failing of the sex inquisitiveness, was about the only failing which strict conventionality had not crushed out of that exemplary matron. She also had a very thorough respect for aristocracy, titled favoritism for Dare, nothing could have proved more gratifying than for "the fairest ebutante of the season, Miss Carteret, so ably chaperoned by the stylish Mrs. Grahame, you know," to make the brilliant match of the season by securing this wealthy

"Well, for one thing, we were speaking of Vane.

"Really, Nora, it would appear in better taste if you did not so persistently make that unhappy young man the chief subject of your conversation. You may rue your open—hem!—regard for him sooner than you can suppose

"It appears to me that Vane is much the better for his association with Sir Rupert. "Simply the reflex of what association with a gentleman of Sir Rupert's culture and standing cannot fail to impart, no matter unworthy the object may be. I have it from the best authority that Vane is in desperate I have it from danger of winding up his own career on shortest possible notice. He is getting him-self hopelessly involved again, and as patience

the colonel's quite exhausted by this time."
"Your 'best authority' heing, I presume, Mr. Owen Dare. That incomparable vidual, as it chanced, formed the chief topic of our conversation on this occasion."

cannot last forever, he will very probably find

"A much more proper subject than the other, my dear. I can imagine you finding owen Dare. Well?" plenty to say of Owen Dare. "Reversing his own particular rule, it was nothing good of him. Sir Rupert apparently

you will not find Owen Dare blameless.

A moment after, when both ladies had de serted the half-concealed nook, a curtain near wavered and parted, and Owen Dare himself stepped from the snug concealment where he had listened to the whole free discussion of himself. good of themselves was never more forcibly exemplified

Encouraging to a man of my hones thought Dare, following Nora's retreating form. "Positively, the little witch never looked lovelier than when she was denouncing And it will be a triumph I wouldn't willingly forego to break that flery spirit to my own wishes. Sift to the bottom if you like, Miss Carteret, but never imagine Owen Dare so incautious as to be found there.

While many were rejoicing over the advent of Sir Rupert Archer, there were two serious ly disconcerted by it — Dare himself, and Colonel Vivian. The first, not quite at ease before the honest, keen-eyed baronet, was bit-ter at knowing the other's depreciation of himself; a little fearful, too, of putting himself in league against the Sussex nobleman-before the end. But a glance at Nora was enough to nerve him. "Help me, my clever genius and best ally—the devil—against all the world for her and Thornhurst!" So Help me, my clever thought Dare, shutting his teeth over what was an unuttered vow.

The colonel was influenced by no prejudice against the young Englishman. On the con trary, he was strongly impressed in his favor, and proud of such a friend for his son.

"But he'll be marrying Nora out of hand, confound him," the colonel mused, "and my plans knocked to nothing. I can't trust affairs to run their own course, as I first intended Vane must be brought to time, and that soon this promise of the baronet's to go to Thorn hurst makes it evident."

Between those two and all concerned it was a most unfortunate circumstance that Sir Rupert Archer was engaged to go out of town on the following day.

> CHAPTER XII. A PATENT PROPOSAL.

"THERE'S no denying that you've been going straight to the devil for the last three years Vane. I can't say that I blame you so much for a little wildness. Young men of the day and your expectations manage to put in a pret ty heavy crop of wild oats generally. But I tell you I've made up my mind, once for all that you've come to the end of your tether."

"Quite a familiar remark, sir. This is the third time you have made it in the most decid

The colonel had come to this interview firm y determined to be moderate, to keep his unruly temper in check, and already that inflam mable attribute was ready to take fire on the smallest provocation.

"I'll be hanged if you don't find that I mean it at last, sir. I've borne with your unfilial conduct with your angle of the state of th duct, with your open disregard of my com-mands, for the last time, I tell you. I gave you an inkling of what my expectations were when we talked of these affairs before. I can't say whether you've proved yourself more obe dient in keeping clear of these accursed gambling hells and throwing your betting book into the fire, as I very strongly advised, or if you have kept your own course and got into some new trouble since. For your own sake I pre-fer believing the former."

Colonel Vivian had a shrewd suspicion that

Vane had not so completely reformed but his own favor might be of considerable importance at this present time. He had been indulgent at this present time. He had been intuigent, he had paid Vane's debts twice, and had sworn roundly that not one penny more of his should ever be devoted to the same purpose; but it was a characteristic of the colonel's never to mean one-fourth of what he said, and during th past night he had laid in his bed revolving how he might raise any obligations since incurred in a private way provided the young man fell in readily with his wishes. For the present he was willing to ignore the possibility of any demand

"It's quite time you are settled down for good, Vane. It's time, too, you are thinking of bringing a mistress to Thornhurst, and the wo conditions will work smoothly together. Marry and settle, and be done with this rattle brain period to which you have given full enough of your manhood."

"By Jove! you put it strong. Wouldn't one of those conditions be enough to begin with?" "Be serious, Vane. I never was more earnest in my life than in proposing this. The sooner you are settled, the sooner Thornhurst gains the mistress it has long needed, the bet-

ter for you and the more pleased I shall be."
"Since you appear to have bestowed thought upon the subject, sir, perhaps you have already lected a mistress for Thornhurst,'

There was no mark, either of compliance or dissent, in that indelent tone of Vane's. He had a thorough respect of his father, but no fear of him, and had learned to meet his blustering moods in a non-committal, uni passioned manner which generally gained the best of their differences in the end.

"You are quite right, Vane. There is but one person I would willingly receive in that capacity. I had hoped you might make the discovery of her fitness for yourself, and spare my interposition. The one person is Nora, and have set my whole heart on the consummation

of this match. "Very unwise, my dear father, to set your whole heart on anything in this vale of tears, said Vane, in that still provoking tone. "Marry Nora," he was thinking. "Well, why not? If he were only free of these Shylocks who would not spare one single drop of his heart's blood in pressing the fulfillment of their bonds, such a prospect as this his father was propos ing might have seemed quite as enticing as any other which could have presented. At three and-twenty Vane Vivian honestly believed he had lived out all that was worth living; hence forth he might drag a tolerable existence with prime cigars, the best of old wine, a sight of the reigning prima donna now and then, and a yacht for summer sailing as the chief inspirations to make life endurable. A pretty, affection ate wife, such a bright little creature as Nora, would not be a bad addition to the list. It would hardly be just to her, Vane thought. He had taken that question home to himself before ever they came to Thornhurst at all He thought of it in the cool, shadowy parlor of Thornhurst, that sunny October day of his home-coming. Nora had burst upon him, a bright, enticing vision even then; he had looked the not unreasonable probability of falling in love with her full in the face, and looked it down with the hard, stoical reasoning with which he was in the habit of crushing out his sentimental impulses

A nice spirited little thing, one that he could admire in spite of his aversion to leonine locks, and one who was deserving of a far better fel-

agrees with me in my appreciation of the gentleman. When the bottom of these reports regarding Vane is sifted, if it ever be sifted, that, well, Dare had tried it on once, and seemed to have been worsted in his little game. No, he would look at and admire her as he might watch and admire a dainty, vivid, joyous humming-bird; culling its sweets from every fragrant flower, but as love and marriage were not for him, Nora Carteret was safe The old adage that listeners hear no themselves was never more forcibly reviewed itself before his mind as he sat there before his father. He was no more worthy of her now than then, not so worthy, indeed; he had been making a rapid descent over the road which leads the opposite way from heaven; he had not even paved the way with good intentions. By far the pleasantest time in the six weeks since they had come to town was the last fortnight, during which time, being much with Sir Rupert Archer, he had in a measure cut adrift from those dangerous pleasures that had been wonderfully potent with him, for three years past. But Nora had learned a truer appreciation of him in this time. Mrs. Grahame had not left her in ignorance of his faults and follies, to call them by no harsher name, and she had exhibited faith in him after all. pose he should present himself just as he was and as she knew him to be, ask her to take him for better or worse, and make no strenuous efforts to bias her inclination? Would that be doing her any injustice? Something more than its usual warmth beat into Mr. Vivian's heart, as he was inclined to reason a negative.

Unlucky that the colonel's temper gained the ascendancy again. Hs was aggrieved at Vane's apparent indifference, impatient at his long silence, indignant at the slight it seemed to re-

flect upon his ward.

"It takes you a long time to make up your mind, Vane. Perhaps it will help you to consider that beggers can't be choosers, and that is the interesting condition you will arrive at unless you show some evidence of regaining good sense speedily. Do you suppose I am go-ing to have Thornhurst squandered away by a oistering, dissolute vagabond? I've been too lenient with you before now. You've come to think you can turn the thumbscrews on me to extort anything through this foolish fondness I've indulged too long. By heavens, if you were twice my son and a thousand times more important than you are, you should turn a now leaf to your account right speedily. Take it this way, then—Nora as the mistress of Thornhurst, and through her your only chance to it. Now, what do you say to my proposal,

There was a hot glow in the colonel's face and his wrath had overcome all those good resolutions he had held at starting.

"I have this to say, sir, that it quite alters the case!" Vane was scarcely moved from his indifference, but there was an alteration in his voice which should have warned the other. But the colonel was in no condition now to take the

warning.
"Aha! I thought so! You are sensible at least in admitting it just that frankly. It does alter the case, and it is to be hoped it may bring you to a proper consideration of all you have been within a hair's breath of losing. By George! I'd endow a foundling hospital or turn Thornhurst into a home for the distressed, before it should follow the hundred thousand going for the vicious debts with which you have managed to saddle yourself up to this time. Nora is by far the least objectionable alterna ive, I take it, and I'll be blamed if you seem to half appreciate your good luck, you pup-py!" The colonel feeling himself secure in having gained his point, considered it safe to work himself into a white heat now. His wrath was of the effervescent kind, which hav-

ing got the air, is bound to fizz itself away.
"I want to know, father, if you were quite sincere in what you said just now. Do you mean that you would really turn me out of my inheritance if I fail in this? I don't say that I deserve anything better, but can you mean that you will take another person to precede me in your heart and home, even with the bal-

"I mean to say that I shall leave Thornhurst and everything else that I possess to Nora, unless you come to time, marry her, and cut away completely from your past course. You're a lucky dog to save yourself by so fair a way. By Jove, I was in doubt for a time whether Nora would take up with such a goodfor-naught! I couldn't so much have blamed her, and she seemed anything but favorable with the hints of your goings-on which chanc

A swift, an unworthy suspicion dashed into Vane's brain.

"Does Miss Carteret know of this plan of yours? Does she know of your conditions regarding Thornhurst?"

"Nora knows what my hopes are, and she does not know anything of my intended dis-position of the property, failing their fulfillment. I haven't seen fit to tell her that, for Nora is too sensible a girl, I fancy, to throw herself away upon such a scapegrace as you would be if left to yourself. Nora's by far too good for you, Vane."

'So much too good that I shall never make the attempt to drag her to my level. It would be a pity to spoil her enjoyment of Thornhurst single exception she might find in me. Leave it to her by all means; cut me off without the traditional shilling; I deserve it; I have nothing to say in defense of myself; but I would no sooner try to win Nora Carteret through the mistaken impression that she can gain Thornhurst only by taking me than I would pay the price of Thornhurst by taking

Vane rose as he spoke, an indignant flush creeping into his cheek, his eyes lit, his lip A slow purple succeeded the rubicund glow in the colonel's face. 'What do you say, sir?" he demanded,

"That I decline the honor of offering myself as Miss Cartaret's husband on any condition.

She will be readily consoled by the fact of my unworthiness—and Thornhurst." A volley broke from the lips of Colonel Vi-

By heavens, you scoundrel, you will regret And it is for this I've borne with you, this! for this I have built all my hopes for years! Go your own road; take the consequences, and confound you for the worst idiot this side of heaven!" Colonel Vivian did not mean to reflect upon the inhabitants of that celestial sphere, but he was inclined to profanity, and his tongue very often got the better of his dis-"Take yourself out of my sight, sir. Never set your foot under roof of mine unless you come into possession of your senses and a proper idea of what a son's duty should be. Lord knows I've found small enough comfort through having a son.'

"Spare yourself any further reproaches, r. I shall not set foot within your doors without an invitation from you, rest assured. He inclined his head and walked out of the room, upright as the old soldier himself.

"Be sure it will be long coming, you conceited donkey," the colonel flung after him.

"The dog, the insulordinate young hound! I'll break him! I'll see if I am to have defiance flung in my teeth, like this!"

Nora floated out from the drawing-room as

Vane was striding past.
"Why, oh, why that dark'ning frown upon thy brow? Do stop a moment, Vane, if the breeze you are in will permit. I have got the duet we were to practice together."

Vane looked down at her with hard, flashing

eyes. He was bitter against her at that mo-ment. Her fair face was a fair mask hiding the mercenary spirit beneath: she had disliked him he remembered now; she had only changed of late, and he had really believed her the frank, childlike creature she seemed. "I claim the honor of having played my last

duet with Miss Carteret; let me hope so at least." He bowed slightly and passed on, ignoring the hand she had put out to him, leav-

ing Nora hurt and wondering.

"He has been quarreling with the colonel," she thought, "but it is no reason he should cut me in that way. What has it been about, I wonder?"

She went back to her music, but it had suddenly lost its charm, and presently she left it to seek the colonel in the library where his interview with Vane had been held, and where he was raging yet like some angry old lion in

a cage.
"What does this mean, I want to know,
Colonel Vivian?" demanded Nora, from the doorway. "There, you needn't tell me; youve been quarreling with Vane. What for, I

The colonel subsided as he always did in Nora's presence, throwing himself heavily into

"Is that you, child? Come in and shut that door if you like. My head is aching to split now that I think of it."

'I should think it would ache. Now then, what has the trouble been? It's shameful the way you will persist in provoking Vane; you

won't even let him be good when he tries."
"The dickens I won't! He's a confounded puppy, Nora, and he don't deserve anything from you. Let him go to the dev-anywhere he likes, as I shall do.

"Now, guardian, you should never let your angry passions rise, you know. Vane may not deserve anything from me, but he does merit some toleration from you. Do you intend to tell me what the trouble has been, Colonel Seymour Vivian, or will you drive me to him? I am determined to know."

"I've done what I should have done ages ago, sent the rascal about his business. I'll have nothing more to do with the scapegrace. I wouldn't turn my hand over to save him from

Sing Sing after this.' But what has he done?"

"Defied all my wishes and gone directly against all my hopes, Nora. He has thrown away every chance I have given him to redeem himself, and now he betrays the last trust I placed in him. He's shaken all my clans; the insolent churl vows I may disinhert him before he'll marry you, Nora, and I'll

"What? What is this you are talking about, Colonel Vivian?" The slender form straightened, the brown eyes looked amazement full

upon him. "I-hem!-you know what I have hoped or you and Vane, Nora. Lisa Grahame said she hadn't a doubt you would throw yourself away upon him, and I—well, I was sure you cared enough for me if not for him to do it; but he don't deserve even a thought from you.

There's a deuced sight better fish in the sea that's never been caught."
"Colonel Vivian, do you mean you have been trying to dispose of me without ever asking my consent? In that case I must be eternally grateful to your son for refusing me. You must tell me just how the case stands, and you must make it up with Vane if this quarrel has been on my account. Marry him to me against his will! or with it, for that matter. Thank you, Colonel Vivian, but I never could

marriage, not if I die an old maid, and I do abhor old maids." (To be continued—commenced in No. 262.)

Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK TALBOT'S GRAVE. DICK entered the little shanty, which only ontained one room, lighted the candle, and then looked around him. The apartment contained a table, two rude chairs and three shoeooxes with a blanket spread over them—the poxes served for a bed

Dick sat down on the rude couch and medi-

"What demon was it that sent this woman here?" he muttered, a cloud on his handsome "I'm in for a run of ill-luck, I suppose, and the best-the only way to avoid it, is to run from it. That is the only thing. Bright and early in the morning I'll bid Spur City good-by for some little time. I'll go to some mining-camp higher up in the mountains; find some place where she won't be able to follow me. I shall have to leave Jinnie, though. That's too bad! The girl loves me. I think that she'd die for my sake, and the other one-' He did not finish the sentence, but remained silent for a moment, staring blankly at the

whitewashed wall before him. "If I think of her longer I shall go mad!" he muttered, in agony. "To-morrow the canyon and the pines shall hide me from her No more Spur City for Injun Dick while this girl remains here. I wish I could forget her. I suppose that I sha'n't sleep much

to-night for thinking of her. Then he arose and paced restlessly up and down the floor for a few minutes. "I must forget!" he murmured; "I wonder

if Jim left any spirits here?" He went to one corner of the room and lifted up a loose board; from the cavity under it he drew a bottle. He held it up to the light and examined it.

"Good! there's some whisky left!" he ex-

claimed, in a tone of satisfaction. Then he filled a large tin cup that stood on the table with the potent spirits. 'It's strange; at any other time I couldn't

bear the taste of a drop of this, but now, I can drain it off like water. It's bad enough, too, to burn a hole through a man's throat. will only make me sleep and forget, that's all I ask of it."

Then he drank off the fiery spirits at a single swallow. The strength of the poisonous draught brought tears to his eyes. Soon Talbot began to feel the effects of the dram in his

And it was no wonder, for he had swallowed a good half-pint at one draught.
With an unsteady step, Dick blew out the

candle, and, in the darkness, groped his way to the boxes that were to serve him as a bed for the night.

Lying down upon the rude couch, he drew the blanket over him and closed his eyes. The fumes of the whisky had fired his brain, and strange, fantastic forms seemed to be dancing around him in the darkness.

In the strange excitement that he had labor

ed under, he had never thought to fasten the door of the shanty after him.

Finally, overcome by the power of the liquous he had swallowed, he fell into a restless sleep —a sleep in which the scenes of the night came back to him with terrible earnestness, yet dis-

ordered and uncertain. Again he saw the golden-brown hair and dark blue eyes of Bernice; again the vision of the "Heart-woman" floated threateningly be fore him, but, by his side, like a guardian angel, the girl of the Eldorado saloon stood her red-gold hair floated carelessly in the wind and waved around her head like the holy circle of light that crowned the locks of the saints of

Then around his bedside, stole dark and low

ering forms with stealthy tread.

The golden haired maid vanished in affright Talbot would have stretched out his arms to have detained her, but some unknown power linked his wrists together and he could not se parate them. He attempted to cry out, but a damp substance that seemed of spongy tex ture was pressed upon his nostrils. A strange subtle perfume floated on the air. It entered his head and ascended to the brain. A thou sand stars twinkled before his eyes; his head whirled round and round like a gigantic wheel then came a sudden explosion—an explosion without noise, but producing endless shower

of fiery sparks, and then—all was still.
"Is this death?" Talbot questioned to him self. His mind was in a maze.

He felt a cool wind playing upon his tem ples, a rough jolting, too, as if he was being conveyed in a wagon over an uneven road He tried to open his eyes; he succeeded, but darkness still was before him. The truth flashed upon his bewildered brain; he was blindfolded. He essayed to raise his hands to tear the bandage from his eyes, but found that they were bound together at the wrists, and some unknown power held them down.

It did not take Injun Dick long to guess what had happened. Part of the frightful dream was reality. Dark forms had stood around him. They had bound his hands toge ther, stupefied him by some powerful drug, placed upon a sponge and pressed against hi nostrils. Then he had been placed in a wagon and now was being carried—where? That rid-

dle he could not guess.
Suddenly the wagon halted, Powerful arms bore Dick from the wagon and placed him upon his feet.

Talbot guessed that the end of this mysterious proceeding was at hand.

"Let him see," said a stern voice.

The bandage that had been placed over his eyes was suddenly removed, and Talbot stared around him in wonder.

Six men surrounded him, all clad in long black cloaks and wearing black masks, through which shone gleaming eyes. Each one of the masked men—except the one taller than the rest, who seemed to be the chief and confronted Talbot—held in his hand a six-shooter, cocked and leveled full at Injun Dick's breast.

A single glance told Talbot where he was.

He stood upon the crest of one of the ridges that looked down upon Spur City from the north-west. A mile or so in the distance he could see the waters of the Reese river, rippling silver in the moonlight. Between him and the mining-camp was a little clump of pines; at his back the mountain ridges rose to meet the sky, and down upon the strange scene shone the full, round moon.

"What do you mean by this masquerading folly?" asked Talbot, scornfully. think to frighten me by child's play?" "Silence, prisoner!" cried the chief of the

masked men, sternly. 'Prisoner?" demanded Talbot, not a whit

afraid. Yes, you are now standing before your

judges," replied the masked man.
"And who are you that dare to constitute yourselves my judges?" asked Talbot, defiant-

"The Vigilantes!"

For a moment a nervous look shot over the face of Talbot, but in a second it was gone. "You lie!" he said, boldly. "The Vigilantes don't come in secret disguise. If you are anything, you are a band of masked assas-

"Bold words will avail you but little. Listen to the charge," said the chief, calmly. "You are Dick Talbot, commonly called Injun Dick, gambler, cheat and bully.

"You lie!" cried Talbot, fiercely; "if I had my hands free, you would not dare to say such words to my teeth. I play cards, true; few men in Spur City, or from here to the Pacific that do not. I am no cheat, but play a square game and wrong no man out of his gold-dust. If I win, it is because Heaven has given me brains; perhaps I don't use them as I ought to. but, that's my affair. I'll have to answer that hereafter, not on this earth. As for being a bully, that's a falsehood. There don't stand a man on this earth to-day that can truthfully say that I ever picked a quarrel with him. have used the strength and skill that nature has given me to protect myself, and I've taken the part, too, of a little man against a big one. If you call this acting the bully, then I am

"Dick Talbot, look down at your feet," said the chief, in the same cold, calm voice as be-

Talbot obeyed the command.

"What do you see there?"

"I see a hole in the ground that looks as if it was dug for a grave."

'You have guessed right; it is your grave.'

" Mine?" "Yes, unless you swear to leave this valley

before the sun sets to-morrow.' 'See here!" cried Dick boldly; "perhaps I've trod on the toes of some of you gents. want revenge. I'll give you a fair shake for it, that is, if you've got any manhood about ou. Unbind my hands; give me a revolver and fifty foot start. I'll stand my ground and fight the whole six of you.

'Judges do not fight with prisoners," sternly replied the chief.

"No, nor cowardly hounds like you, when you meet a man who doesn't value his life more than a brass button in a good fight," re- spoke. turned Talbot, bitterly.

"Will you leave Spur City?" "Never, until I'm carried out of it feet first, or a regular association of the citizens tell me that my presence is unwelcome. Then, I'll go. But the power of men who are afraid to show their faces I laugh at. I was going to leave the ranche to-morrow, anyway; but now, since you come to threats, two can play at that game.

Make me go if you can!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAWYER'S GUESS. WITH a calm face and an undaunted bear

ing, Talbot faced the masked men.
"You defy our power, then, and refuse to go?" the chief of the six asked. "Yes, that's about the English of it," Dick

replied. Dick Talbot, your life is at our mercy, but we will not take it at present. This i but a warning. We give you three days to leave Spur City. At the end of that time death will surely come if you defy our power, disregard our warning, and remain."

"You've trapped me this time, but you'll

never get a second chance at me, I can tell you that," Dick said, scornfully.

"We'll run the risk of that," the masked man replied, dryly. Then he made a signal.

One of the masked men stepped forward and replaced the bandage over Talbot's eyes. Again Injun Dick was lifted from his feet by the strong arms, and replaced in the wagon that stood a little distance off.

Talbot felt the jolting motion of the wagon lescending the hill. Then the damp sponger was pressed against his nostrils. He did not attempt resistance; he knew that it would be useless; but he strove to resist the subtle influ ence of the drug; his will was powerful, but

the drug more powerful still.

Little by little he felt that his senses were leaving him; his head swam round; again he saw the shower of sparks, felt the motion of the whirling wheel, and then—all was blank. When Talbot's senses came back to him, and

he opened his eyes, the morning sun was shin ing in through the little window of the shanty. He lay on his back on the rude couch, just as he had cast himself down to sleep the night before.

With a vacant look, Talbot gazed around him. For a moment he believed all the events of the night had taken place in dreamland, but as he turned his head around, from the blanket on which his head lay, came the pecu-liar odor of the drug that had been adminis-

Slowly, Talbot rose to a sitting posture There was a strange, odd feeling about his head; a sort of dull, throbbing pain.

"It's no dream!" he muttered; "they dosed

me well last night. Get up and get, eh? Not if I know myself!" and he compressed his lips firmly as he spoke. "This is going to be an awful run of luck; just as I expected. I had made up my mind to 'levant,' and now I'm forced to stay. Bad cards ruin the best play er; what can a man do against luck? They sha'n't frighten me out of the ranche, though There's some deep game under all this."

For a few minutes Talbot sat, motionless his eyes fixed upon the ground, his mind busy

"Vigilantes!" he exclaimed, suddenly; "not Those fellows last night were more like Overland Kit's band than like the members of a vigilance committee. Who is there n Spur City that would profit by my absence That's the question. Let me discover that, and then I can discover who those fellows were last night. They played their game right up to the handle. I didn't think that there was a man living that could catch me napping, but it's been done. The voice of the chief se familiar to me. I'll just look round quietly today and see if I can't spot him."

Talbot looked at his watch. "Five o'clock," he said; "I'll take a little

walk up the valley, just to clear my head."
He rose to his feet. "It's in the cards that I
must stay in Spur City—that I must meet this woman whom I ought to fly from."

Dick left the shanty and strolled leisurely up the valley. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, his face overcast with thought.

Talbet was not the only early riser, for, as he walked up the river bank, a young man, apparently about his own age, clad in the rough garb of a miner, came along down. He was a good-looking young fellow, though

rather thin-visaged, with grayish eyes and curling brown hair. "Good-morning," said the stranger, halting when he came up to Talbot; his voice betrayed the gentleman; "did you see the coach from

Austen come in last night?" Yes," replied Talbot. The questioner was

"Was there a lady on board?" "Yes," again replied Talbot; he was rather stonished at the question.

"A young, pretty girl and an elderly, white-haired gentleman?" said the stranger. "Yes; they're stopping at the Eldorado." "Thank you," and the stranger passed on. Here was more food for thought for Injun Dick. What had this young man to do with the "heart-woman," and how did he know

that she was coming to Spur City? The stranger proceeded at once to the Eldo-

The heathen Chinee was just proceeding to clean out the place when the young man ar rived at the saloon.

Of him the young man proceeded to inquire if the old gentleman who had come in the coach the night before had arisen yet.

But, just as the stranger was endeavoring to make the faithful Ah Ling understand what he wanted, the old lawyer entered the

The recognition between the two was extremely cordial, and no wonder, for they were father and son! The young man was James Rennet, who, educated for a lawyer by his father, had hung out his shingle in 'Frisco, as the metropolis of the golden State is generally termed in the Far West, got into a little scrape there, and had "absquatulated" to the mining region to avoid unpleasant consequen-

"Bless my soul, James! You do look rough enough!" exclaimed the old lawyer, surveying the bronzed face and whiskered chin of his son in astonishment.

"Sluice mining don't improve a man's

looks," the son replied.

"Bless me! you're as brown as an Indian." "Sun and wind and hard work." "You look like a bushwhacker." "Kid gloves and 'b'iled' shirts don't do for

this region; there's only one man in this camp that wears a white shirt. I just met him as I came up the street; I knew him by his shirt, though I never happened to meet him before-Dick Talbot, the gambler."

"But who washes his shirts if nobody else wears them?" asked the old lawyer, glancing down at his own soiled shirt-bosom as he

"The Heathen Chinee here," the son an-

swered; "he came here originally as a washerwoman, but the poor devil nearly starved for want of custom. You see, dad, a man here puts on a flannel shirt and wears it until it wears out.

"A nice region this is for a gentleman to come to," old Rennet said, in disgust. "But come, walk down the street with me; break fast will not be ready for some time, they tell me, and I have something important to say to

"All right."

The two proceeded down the street. Spur City was just beginning to get up—we mean, of course, the inhabitants of the mining

camp.
"You received my letter telling you of my intention to visit this place with Miss Gwyne?"
"Yes," the son replied, "on a wild-goose chase after Patrick Gwyne.'

"Exactly; young girls take queer notions in their heads sometimes." "Well, this one is queer enough. Why, the chances are ten to one that this Patrick is dead

and buried long ago." and buried long ago."
"By-the-by, James," said the father, suddenly, "you wrote me that you were obliged to leave San Francisco, but you didn't explain the reason for so doing. I suppose some sort

of a scrape, eh? "That's about the size of it, dad," replied the son, coolly. "But don't ask any questions; it isn't much of a scrape, anyway, only I didn't care about coming East from 'Frisco in a pine coffin, so I went off between two lays, as the saying is. I couldn't make my salt as a lawyer, anyway; the professions are overdone on the Pacific coast; they want red-

shirted workingmen out here, not black-coated gentlemen." "That's the case in all new countries; but

now to business. You remember Bernice Gwyne, of course?"
"Well, yes; I suppose I should know her if

I should see her; I was never intimate with her, dad," the son replied. "She is the heiress of her uncle's wealth as well as of that left by her own father; but she is determined never to touch one single penny of her uncle's property until she discovers whether his son, her cousin, Patrick Gwyne, is living or dead."

'So you wrote me." "Of course it's only the whim of a foolish young girl. Now, I've been thinking over a little scheme. So far we haven't been able to discover the slightest trace of this Patrick Gwyne, except that when our coach was stopped by this road-agent, Overland Kit, last night, he put his head in at the window of the coach, apparently recognized Bernice, and pronounced her name. The thought occurred to me at once that he might be Patrick

"But then, again, it might be some one else who had known her in New York," James suggested; "it's astonishing how men from the East go to the bad here sometimes. Besides. this Overland Kit, from what I have heard of him, don't answer to Patrick Gwyne at all. Gwyne, as I remember him ten years ago, was a slight-built fellow with brown hair, good deal such a sort of man as this gambler, Dick Talbot, while the road-agent is a swarthy fel ow, with jet-black hair and beard—a regular desperado.

"Yes, that's true," the old lawyer said, thoughtfully; "but now for my scheme.

CHAPTER IX.

A HUSBAND FOR BERNICE.
THE old lawyer looked around him carefully, as if to assure himself that no one was within earshot.

The son looked at the father in astonishment he couldn't imagine what the scheme of the old lawyer could be. "Of course you are aware that this girl Bernice Gwyne, is worth a great deal of

"Yes," the son replied. "I take it for granted, either that Patrick Gwyne is dead, or else gone to the bad so ut erly that he will never dare to return to New

That is very probable." "Now, Bernice has a very strong will of her own: she will never be satisfied until she discovers what has become of Patrick Gwyne.

"That is very probable, also," James said, oughtfully. "When a woman of her style thoughtfully. once gets an idea into her head, it's deuced hard work to get it out again."
"Exactly; I do not suppose that any rea oning could induce Bernice to return to New York, until she had fully satisfied her mind in

regard to Patrick. Now, as it is very improbable that she will succeed in learning anything about him, and as I have had about enough of this delightful country, I have formed a plan to induce Bernice to give up her wild-goose chase, and return contentedly to

"What is the plan?" "To have you stumble upon us—just by chance, you know—and tell the story of the death of Patrick Gwyne up in some wild min ing region. Say he was attacked and killed by Indians, or eaten up by a grizzly bear."
"That's a good idea."

"Yes; as you are a living witness that he is dead, of course she will be satisfied, and will then return to New York, and take posssion of her property

"Well, now, dad, that's a 'cute idea of yours." James said, in admiration. 'It's not bad, but I have another one still

better," the old lawyer said, complacently. "In regard to Bernice?" "Yes; she is a great heiress; a fine catch

for some young man, and I had an idea James, that it would be a good thing for you to lay siege to her. You haven't been very successful so far, but, if you could succeed in winning her, it would be a masterstroke." "That's a capital idea, dad!" the son exclaimed.

"Pretty fair-pretty fair," the old lawyer chuckled, rubbing his hands together softly. "There's only two things that might upset the calculation. In the first place, the young lady might not take a fancy to me; and, in

the second place, neither Miss Gwyne nor my-self profess the Mormon faith," the son said, coolly. "What the deuce has that to do with it?"

asked old Rennet, in astonishment. "Bigamy, dad, you know, is ugly-" " Eh 8

"And as I've got one wife already, I think that it will be advisable to get rid of her before I take a second."

You don't mean to say that you're mar-

ried?" exclaimed the father, in astonishment.
"Well, I am," James replied, coolly. "You see, dad, I had an office over a little millinershop; the young female that run the institution was deuced pretty, and I fell in love with and married her. I thought that she was an angel; after marriage, I found her quite the reverse. Why, dad, I was really glad when I got into the little unpleasantness that made 'levanting'

necessary.

"You might get a divorce," suggested the father.

"I'm very much obliged to you for the idea, but if I am to get a divorce for the purpose of marrying again, I think that I would rather be excused. Six weeks gave me enough of married life to suffice me for as many years, if not

for a lifetime," replied James.
"How very unfortunate!" exclaimed the old lawyer. "Just think, James, if you had won

the heiress, you and I could have had the handling of all her money. "It is rather unfortunate," the son remark-

ed, thoughtfully. "Oh, terrible!" "By Jove, dad!" exclaimed James, sudden-ly, "I've get it!" "An idea!"

"To secure this money?"
"That's my game. You see, father, if I "That's my game. You see, father, if can't marry the heiress, somebody else can." "Well, of course I know that."

"But if the man that marries her is our man, bound to act according to our instructions, why, the result will be just the same as if I married

"That's very true," replied the old lawyer; but the chief point is to find such a man." "He is already found; a chum of mine up in Gopher Gully; a regular man of wax; will do just as I say.

"Yes, but is he the sort of man to win the leve of a young and high-spirited girl like Bernice?"

"'You bet!' as we say in 'Frisco. He's a good looking fellow; comes of a good family East, but he's one of those weak, wavering sort of men—easily influenced. He's a gentleman, though."

"What's his name?" "Gaius Tendail; but up in the Gully we've shortened his name down into 'Gay.' 'You think that he will agree to aid

us 875 'Not a doubt of it," the son replied, confidently. "He'll never make his fortune as a miner; he's one of the unlucky kind."
"Well, I'll rely on you entirely in the affair.

The first thing is to convince Bernice that Patrick Gwyne is dead." "I'll do that. I'll swear that I saw him go under with my own eyes, and afterward helped to bury him. Of course, after we get him under ground, that settles him," James said,

with a laugh.
"I can't help thinking of this Overland Kit as they call him," the old lawyer said, suddenly. "The very moment he saw Bernice's face, he pronounced her name. Just then the sol-

diers came up, and he had to run for it."
"Well, even if he is Patrick Gwyne, he'll never dare to declare himself to Bernice; and f course she would turn in horror from such an I don't believe that he is Gwyne outlaw. There's a rumor among the miner hough. that the road-agent is one of the Government officials; there's no telling any thing about it it's only talk; but it may be true."

"He's a reckless fellow, whoever he is," observed the old lawyer. "But we had better turn back," and he halted as he spoke.

The two had proceeded some distance beyond the borders of the town. A heavy growth of pines skirted the rude road. Father and son had little idea that, concealed by the trees and rocks, a spy had followed in their path, eagerly trying to overhear their conversation."

The two turned and commenced to retrace their steps, still conversing together and arrang-

ing the details of their scheme.

The spy did not attempt to follow them. He waited, hid behind the pines, until an angle in the road hid them from his eyes. Then he

stepped out into the road. A single glance at the jet-black hair and beard, the resolute face, and one could have told that it was Overland Kit, the road-agent,

who had played the spy upon the plotters.
"So you think Overland Kit is Patrick Gwyne, do you?" he murmured, looking in the direction of the town. "And you are going to rob the heiress, Bernice, of some of her wealth? Her money must pass through your hands; some of it will stick in the passage, I'm afraid. I must be off for the mountains. take measures to have a finger in this pie my-

With a tread as stealthy and as noiseless as an Indian warrior tracking his prey, the road-agent passed through a clump of pines. A nundred paces onward he came to where the

rock rose upward like a wall.
Skirting the base of the rock, Kit proceeded

orthward. He went on like one well accustomed to the way. In a thousand yards or so he came to where a gully broke the wall of the rock. was the path of a watercourse. At some re mote period a stream had poured down into the Reese, but now the rocks only felt the kiss of the water in the springtime when the snow

melted on the mountain peaks. The road-agent turned into the gully. group of pines growing at the mouth of the canyon concealed it from view.

Just around the corner of the rock, at the entrance, stood a horse. The four "white stockings" and the broad blaze in the forehead told that it was the famous steed of the road-agent, reputed to be the fastest horse that had ever planted a koof in the Reese river val-

ley.

The horse whinnied with delight when she

beheld her master approach.

"So-ho, old girl" he muttered, patting the arching neck of the mare; "are you glad to see me, beauty? Well, there's two in this world that care a little for me, outcast and villain as I am.

There was an expression of sadness in the deep voice of the outlaw.
"You've saved my life many a time, old

girl," he continued. "I wonder if Judge Jones planned that attack last night?" I'm afraid that the Judge and I will have to come to a ettlement before long. If I know anything of human nature, he's a greater villain, by far than I am. How lucky that I overheard the conversation between this precious pair. I was in the dark as to the reason of Bernice's visit I was never more astonished in my life than when I saw her in the coach last night. Poor girl, she's on a fruitless quest!'

Kit, with a bound, vaulted into the saddle. Carefully the intelligent mare picked her way down the rough bed of the watercourse, passed through the little group of pines, gained the road, and then, obedient to her rider's hand, galloped off to the northward.

An hour's ride and Kit turned to the left and entered a dark canyon, the pines on the brink of which almost shut out the sunlight. The canyon was the entrance to the moun-

tain retreat of the road-agents.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 263.)

How earthy old people become-moldy as the grave. Their wisdom smacks of the earth; there is no foretaste of immortality in it They remind one of earth-worms and mole-

RIPPLING WATER.

BY G. RENE WOOD.

Deep in the lonely forest glen, Dripping slowly, again and again, From the moss-grown rocks that for ages past Have lain, upheaved by an earthquake blast; Oozing from out the clayey soil A tiny stream, like a tempered foil; Or boiling up from the mother earth, Come the crystal drops of priceless worth.

Down to the roadside ditch it creeps,
When, gathering courage, it lightly leaps
O'er the forest-flowers on the brink that bloom,
Then hies away to the culvert's gloom.
Twisting, and turning, and gaining strength,
It dashes onward, until, at length,
It checks itself in some quiet nook,
From whence it emerges a full-grown brook.

Over the bowlders and under the roots, Spraying and sparkling, it noisily shoots, Makes a home in its depths for the speckled

As down through the gorge it winds about; It moistens the lips of the hunted deer, As he plunges through on his mad career; Nor checks the speed of its headlong flight, Till it basks in the elm-guarded meadows' light. Winding along through the grass-grown land, Like a serpent scrolled by a giant's hand— Passing the farm-house and gliding by town To the brink of the falls, where it madly leaps

down, Boiling and floaming and hissing below, The spray upward bounding with radiant glow. The bright sun reflects on the silvery sheen, And a glimpse, now and then, of a rainbow is seen.

Onward and onward with silent strides, Deeper and darker it grows as it glides—Wetting the sides of the lazy scow, With its load of hay for the farmer's mow Floating the timbers from far-off hills, To use in building the spindled mills—Its power of motion so steady and strong, Makes city of village while moving along. Reaching at last the sea-girt coast
It blends and mingles—(without a boast
Of good or ill on its journey through)
With the countless drops of the ceean bl
Rippling water! sparkling and bright!
Limpid and pure in thy crystal light,
May the human face reflect and shine
Forever and free from the curse of wine an blue. Forever, and free from the curse of wine.

The Rival Brothers:

THE WRONGED WIFE'S HATE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING, AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII. EVE'S SECOND PROPOSAL.

"You had better not go-it will certainly rain. "Rain! Oh, nonsense, Miss Forest, there is not a cloud in the sky. It is as clear and blue as—as your eyes.

Miss Forest smiled slightly, and bowed her acknowledgement to the speaker, Mr. Paul Schaffer. They were standing together in the open hall door, with the August sunshine glowing upon them, and watching the scene on the lawn. Two young ladies in riding-habits were being assisted into their saddles by two gentlemen, whose horses were held by a groom.

Eve and Hazel, of course; the former waited on by Senor Mendez, the latter by D'Arville. Mr. Schaffer's own horse stood near, too, but he seemed in no hurry, as he stood whipping his boot and talking to Una Forest. Somehow they had managed to become very good friends, these two, during the last few

"Miss Hazelwood is looking her best, this afternoon," Mr. Schaffer said, watching her under his eyebrows as she gathered up the Eve is a pretty girl," Miss Forest answered. quietly, "and pretty girls generally look their prettiest on horseback."

'So Senor Mendez seems to think, by his devotion. Is the Spanish grandee trying to cut out the Canadian schoolmaster?" and is Mr. Paul Schaffer jealous?

"Bah! You know I am done for! Yonder dumpy little darling is my fate, of course."
"Of course! You may as well be content with the goods the gods have furnished you, for Eve's case is settled." You think so?"

"I know so. I am a woman, Mr. Schaffer, and she loves Monsieur D'Arville." "Are you telling me that by way of news, Miss Forest? I have known it these two

months, and what's more, she is not the only lady who worships at the same shrine! You don't mean Hazel?" Mr. Schaffer laughed and pulled his mus-"Oh. no! I don't mean Hazel I flatter

myself that small person has no idol but your humble servant. No, Miss Forest, I don't mean Hazel Wood—do you understand?" Their eyes met. Yes; she understood, and turned away.

Mr. Schaffer bent his head and lowered his

"This time comes to all of us sooner or later, they say; and I believe it; and, like measles and whooping-cough, the later in life we take it the more severe it is apt to be. Miss Forest, you and I understand each other, I think," "Mr. Schaffer, you had better go and ride.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Schaffer!"
"I don't understand you, Mr. Schaffer!"
"Oh, yes, you do! Clarence D'Arville is a handsome fellow, I know, though I am not a woman, and he loves Eve Hazelwood; but for all that he will never marry her!" "You are raving! If she cares for him, what is to prevent it?"

They are waiting for you."
"Let them wait! Miss Forest, will you be

"The fates and Paul Schaffer! Of course you know my secret, as I do yours!' "Long ago; and so does D'Arville."
"And so does she, and my wife she will be in spite of her teeth!"

'How? Are you going to carry her off to some Canadian castle, in the old knight-errant style? This is the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty, remember!"
"Very well; she will marry me for all that, and I shall not carry her off. If you will pro-

mise to aid me, Miss Forest, for your own sake, you shall know my plans. I cannot work alone, and I know you have no love for your cousin. "My cousin," Miss Forest said, with a strange smile.

"Oh, I know all about that, too; and she is your cousin. There, they are off—for the present, farewell. This evening you shall know all, and the play will begin."
"Take care of the storm!" Una cried after

him, as he cantered down the avenue. But a careless laugh was his only answer as he joined Hazel and D'Arville, who rode last. Hazel was inclined to pout. "Were you making love to Miss Forest, pray," she demanded, "that you stayed so

long?"
Una, by the way, was always Miss Forest to
the girls; they would as soon have dreamed of

me about the weather."

"Why, what ails the weather?"

"Nothing that I can see. Miss Forest, though, it seems, has had private information from the clerk of the weather, that it is going to rain."

'And we will have a thunder-storm before long," said D'Arville, whose eyes had been dreamily fixed on the graceful figure of the lady before him hitherto, lifting them now to the sky. "Look at that cloud!"

"Oh, it will blow over! Don't predict evil! Sorrow's soon enough when it comes."
"I wonder what Senor Mendez is saying to exclaimed Hazel. "How devoted he

looks, and how he bends down to catch every What shines these old fellows do take to girls, now and then!" Senor Mendez is not old," said Mr. Schaf-

fer, bl ndly, glancing sideways at D'Arville, whose brows were contracting. "He is a fine-looking man, and in the prime of life. When do you suppose Miss Eve will go to live in her castle in Spain, Hazel?" "Shortly, I should think, for it is a mutual

"Indeed! has she told you so?" "Oh, la! no! Catch Eve talking about such a thing, but I know the symptoms, you see," said Hazel, gravely, "and—goodness me! how

dark it's getting! "We are in for a wetting! Miss Forest was right, after all!" said D'Arville. "Listen to

It was a sharp and sudden peal of thunder, followed by a vivid flash of lightning, and great drops of rain. The whole face of the sky had blackened with astonishing rapidity, and the storm was upon them in its fury. Worst of all they had been riding fast, and had left the village behind them, and were out now on a lonely country road, with no house in sight. Hazel gave a little screech of dismay.

"Good gracious, Paul! whatever will we do? It's going to pour down straight, and I've got my new hat on!" But one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but it was only human nature—a girl's

first idea in a tempest is about her hat. Before Paul could offer consolation, there was another deafening thunder-clap, another sheet of flame, a rush of rain, another wild shriek from Hazel, and a cry from D'Arville. The horses of the pair before them had taken fright, at least the gentleman's had, and was flying off like mad; and the lady's, startled by the proceeding, was dashing off at full speed after it. It was quite evident Eve had lost all management of her steed, only a half-tamed

"She will be thrown! she will be killed!" shouted Paul Schaffer, excitedly, "and Mendez cannot help her. Great heavens! she is down!"

It was true; the frightened animal had thrown her, and was away like the wind. D'-Arville, his face perfectly white with horror, dashed the spurs into his horse, and in five sec onds after had vaulted off and lifted the pros-"Eve, my darling! My darling, are you killed?"

No; or if she was, his words had magic power to charm her back to life, for the dark eyes slowly opened and looked up in his face with her whole heart in their depths. In a rapture he bent over her, reading it all. "Thank God! Oh, thank God, she lives

My darling, are you hurt?" Her face was perfectly colorless, and there was blood upon it, but she forced a smile and made an effort to rise. But he held her fast, though the other two were riding up.

'Eve, they are here—one word before they ome. You know I love you!"

Yes, she knew it. One little hand still in his, one other glance from the dark eyes, and he

them, with faces of consternation, and the rain was coming down in torrents. "Oh, Eve! are you much hurt?" was Hazel's shrill cry, forgetting all about her new hat.

"Set me up, please, and I will see," Eve said, faintly, smiling up in D'Arville's face. 'My head struck something; but I think, on the whole, I was more frightened than hurt." She stood up as she spoke, very pale, and with the blood flowing from the cut in the

forehead, but with no broken bones. "Thank Heaven, it is so well!" exclaimed D'Arville; "but, Eve, what are we to do with you? It won't mend matters to stand in this downpour."

Eve!" Paul Schaffer's keen glance flashed from one to the other, and read the whole story. It was the first time Claude D'Arville had ever called her other than Miss Hazel-

"There is a house over there," said Hazel, pointing. "Let Eve take your horse, Monsieur D'Arville, and we will be under cover in no time.

"An excellent idea. Miss Eve. let me assist von to mount. "But you," Eve hesitated, "you will be ex-

posed to all this rain 3' "It is of no consequence about me, I won't melt. Here, up with you." Eve mounted his horse, and bent down to

him as she gathered up the reins: "You will hurry after us," she said, anxiously, and his answer was the bright smile that so vividly lit up his dark, handsome face.

"Yes, I will hurry. Off with you now."
They dashed off, leaving him to follow on foot, and in five minutes were at the house. It was a sort of wayside inn, and held other storm bound wayfarers it seemed; for a gentleman stood in the open doorway, watching the storm. He drew back as the young ladies, with uplifted skirts, skimmed past him into the parlor, and Eve thought of Paul Schaffer's description of the lord of Black Monk'sgrave and middle-aged, tall and stately, gentlemanly and rather distinguished-looking and made up her mind that this was Lord Landsdowne. The parlor was tenanted, too. In a leathern easy-cair in the chimney-corner a lady sat a lady richly dressed in silk and velvet, with diamonds flashing on her white hands, whose haughty and handsome face Eve It was Lady Landsdowne. had seen before. Eve remembered the proud, cold face, framed in golden-brown hair, that had looked from the carriage - window that first evening in Monkswood village. She was dressed in walking costume now; her blue velvet mantle falling off her sloping shoulders, the dainty bonnet, a snow-flake, sprinkled with azure, still on her head. She had been looking into the fire, her brow contracted in an impatient frown when they entered, and the first glance had been careless and supercilious enough. But that glance changed, fixed, grew wild and amazed, and the bright blue eye dilated on Eve as if she had been a ghost. There had been a stifled cry, too, and a half bound from her chair, but she sunk back as the eyes of the trio turned on her in wonder. Her face, her very to keep the ledges above the pass clear of ene- and caused him so much suffering.

still were riveted on Eve's face, with a look none present could comprehend. What was there in that beautiful face to inspire that look of fear, of affright, of positive horror? Paul Schaffer made a step toward her.

"Madam, you are ill—you are—" The sound of his voice was magical. She started to her feet at once.

Yes," she said, sharply; "you have startled me. I cannot bear the sight of blood! What is the matter with that young lady?"
"She has had a fall from her horse and has

cut her forehead. I regret that our entrance should have so disturbed you." The lady's only reply to Mr. Schaffer's civil speech was to gather up her mantle and sweep past him to the door, with a stormy rustling of silk. There the gentlen with an inquiring face. There the gentleman in waiting met her

"Has the carriage not come yet, my lord?" she demanded, in the same sharp tone.
"Oh, isn't she a Satan!" Hazel whispered to

Eve. "Not yet," the gentleman answered. "It will

be here presently, though."
"I want to go," said the lady, still more sharply. "I don't choose to sit in a room crowded with people. Who are those persons who have just entered?"

"Civil, that—upon my word!" exclaimed Hazel, whistling, while Eve's eyes flashed. "My dear," they heard the gentleman say, in a low tone, "they are most respectable. They are the Hazelwoods. You had better

"I don't choose to wait any longer," the dy, almost passionately, cried. "I shall go lady, almost passionately, cried. "I shall go if I have to walk, sooner than sit among such a crowd. Go and see if the people who keep this place have no sort of conveyance at all

that will take us home?" "Here is the carriage, at last!" exclaimed the gentleman, in a tone of intense relief. And as he spoke, a handsome carriage, drawn by handsome horses, and with the arms of the Landsdowne family upon the panel, drew up before the door. Right after it came canter ing a rider at a furious pace. It was Senon Mendez, in a state of intense excitement and anxiety about Eve. He had seen the horses at the door, and sprung from his saddle at once, and strode past Lord and Lady Landsdowne

into the parlor. "Eve - Miss Hazelwood - are you hurt?

There is blood on your face!" "It is nothing—only a scratch," Eve answered. "Are you sure you are quite safe yourself! It was a second edition of Mazeppa or John Gilpin—I hardly know which."

"Oh, I am safe enough, only completely blown, and frightened out of my wits about I knew you were here when I saw the

He took off his hat as he spoke, to fan himd, revealing his face for the first time to the pair without. As he did so, there was a wild hriek from the lady, a sudden reel forward, and a something fell to the floor like a log. The cry was echoed by the gentleman, and all ushed out. Lady Landsdowne had fainted, and was lying on the floor like one dead.
"The lady has fainted," said Senor Mendez,

coolly. "Can we be of any assistance to your John, the coachman, obeyed, and Lord Landsdowne carried my lady in his arms, got her in with John's help, followed, and gave the order to drive home. Our party stood in doorway until the carriage was out of

"Is my lady mad, I wonder?" asked Paul

Schaffer. "What made her faint?"
"And what made her scream and stare at Eve so when we came in?" asked Hazel. "She must want a square of being sound, or she would never cut up so."

"What does Eve think?" Senor Mendez asked, looking at her with an inexplicable smile But Eve did not answer. She was watch-

ing a figure coming through the slanting rain, with a look at once tender and anxious in her "Here comes Monsieur D'Arville," eried out

Hazel, "looking like a drowned rat! Look at Eve's face. One would think she was ready to ery from sympathy."

"Do you see?" Senor Mendez said, looking significantly at Paul Schaffer, and that young gentleman smiled superciliously.

"I see Miss Eve wears her heart on her sleeve, for daws to peck at, and that it is D'Arville's turn to-day-mine may come to-mor-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 257.)

Old Bull's-Eye,

THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR. CHAPTER XXII.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST. Bur the attack had been expected, and the Cayguas found the pale-faces ready for them. Snatching up a brand that had been carefully buried beneath ashes to keep it alive, Old Bull's-eye whirled it swiftly around his head until the stick burst into a strong blaze, when he thrust it into the pile of combustibles that had been saturated with oil and grease for this very purpose. Rapidly igniting, the pile flamed up furiously, casting a lurid glow through the entire village, revealing every form with the distinctness of noonday.

Desperately brave and reckless as the Cayguas were, they could not long face those terrible weapons whose black muzzles vomited forth death without intermission. With only flint-headed arrows and stone tomahawks to match these, the wonder was that they did not

retreat before. The loud, warning voices of Old Bull's-Eye and Dugrand called the plainsmen back as they pressed recklessly after the cannibals, and hap pily they were obeyed. Among the ravined and broken hills, unfamiliar with the natural traps and pitfalls, the Man-hunters would have been at the mercy of the Cayguas.

Rifle in hands, they kept close guard during the short time before the rising of the sun, but the Cayguas did not return to the attack.

Twenty hours in the midst of plenty had made new animals of the horses, and when day dawned there was little doubt as to their fit ness for the long, dreary back trail. Nor were the men loth to leave the basin. From the time when they had quenched their thirst, until the sun sunk from view, they had searched eagerly for the golden treasures spoken of by Dick Croghan, but without success. A few rude ornaments were found upon the limbs of the fallen braves, but nothing more.

Securing a good supply of water, the party slowly filed from the basin, and pausing long enough upon the edge of the desert for Old Bull's-Eye and the others who had volunteered

mies, they trotted briskly away from the home

of the Cayguas.

During that day's ride, Old Bull's-Eye seem ed to avoid Carmela, and acted more like the wild, reckless borderer the young hunters had first known. In truth he was anything but The dark, glowing beauty of Carmela, happy. her fearlessness during the trials and perils of the trail, had won upon him until he found him self almost worshiping her. And then, after her confessing that his love was reciprocated, after declaring that she would be his, wholly and entirely, to find that his promised wife was his daughter—that was a bitter blow.
Carmela, too, did not seem her usual self, but

rode along quietly and subdued, and though her eyes followed every motion of the plains man, she made no effort to join him, or to speak Luis de Sylva kept close by her side, and

both Anita and Perry smiled significantly at each other, as they noted his devotion. They believed that another match would grow out of this desert adventure—or chain of adven-That night they encamped upon the bare

plackened prairie. After the rude meal of cold "roast horse" and water from the skins. Old Bull's-Eye lighted his pipe, and, lying at Carmela's feet, with Anita, Perry, Luis and Dugrand grouped around, he lifted the vail from the past, and read this page of heart his-

"My name is Abel Vermillye. Father died when I was eighteen, and left me the richest man in Virginia—indeed, I had no idea how rich I was until my lawyer almost forced me to look over the mass of papers—mortgages notes, due-bills and the like—with which his office was nearly filled. Among these papers was a mortgage, over due, upon the plantation of one Vincent Ventura. I was young, thoughtless, and fond of pleasure, and naturally I soon hifted the burden upon his shoulders, bidding him continue to act as though father was still

"I accepted the invitation of a young friend and paid him a long visit. While there, I med and was introduced to Dolores Ventura—the ame woman whom you assisted me to bury back yonder. She was very different, then. Tall, superbly formed, graceful and lithe as a panther, I never beheld a more dazzling beauty —a woman for whom a man might almost sell his soul to perdition, and still think himself the gainer. She was several years older than I, but that, I thought, was a trifle.

"Well, I fell in love with her. It was a mad, unreasoning passion. If another man looked upon her with admiring eyes—and who ould help it, then?-my blood fairly boiled and I could scarcely refrain from insulting him Don Ventura received me cordially—and withn a week I was an inmate of his house. Doores seemed very changeable-but there! I vill cut it short.

"I asked Senor Ventura if I might aspire to ner hand. His answer was to the point. He eminded me of the mortgage that I held upon his place. If I would agree to cancel that, as Dolores' dower, he would consent. Need I say

that I agreed? "That night I fancied myself in heaven." Dolores had consented to be mine. I must have been blind as a bat not to have seen that, in not know that her father had forced her to smile upon me, to lure me on to a proposal though that was little needed-to accept me when her whole heart was given to another He knew that in my marrying her lay his only ope of escaping ruin. My lawyer was abou to foreclose the mortgage, which covered his entire property.

"Well, we were married, and I was in a fool's paradise for nearly a year, though Dolores was cold and unsympathetic. But that I believed was her nature. Then a daughter was given to us you, Carmela. After this, Dolores seemed happier, and I really believe that she would have learned to love me as truly as I did her, in time, had not he crossed our path,

"You were a year old, Carmela, when I first | then added, as coolly as he could: met Antone Barillo. I did not know, then, that he and Dolores had ever met. But they nad-he was the man whom she had loved when she married me. At her marriage, he had left the country; but an evil fate drove im to return.

"You can guess the rest. The old love was awakened, and one morning I awoke to real life—Dolores was gone, taking my child with her, leaving no trail behind them,

went to Ventura, and then he told me the whole truth-how I had been deceived from the very first. That was the last I re member for years. When I awoke, I was in a lunatic asylum. Seven years of my life were

"It would weary you to tell of my wanderngs after I recovered my senses. I change my property into money, and took up the trail, searching in the Old World as well as the New, but never finding any traces of those I

"The story told me by Ventura had wrought a great change. I did not care about finding Dolores, only that by doing so I could regain ay child, My love for her was dead-I only vanted my child and to be avenged upon kim

"Finally I learned that Antone Barillo had een seen in Santa Fe, but I could learn noth ng more. I came out here, and from that day o this I have lived in the West, becoming infatuated with the wild life, though I gradual y gave up all hope of finding my child. Then heard of Red Hawk, and of a strange woman whom he had with him. While hunting for him, I made the acquaintance of an old priest, and a word that he carelessly let drop, made ne believe that Don Juan de Sylva was none ther than the Antone Barillo for whom I had searched so long. But he would say no more, question and threaten as I might. The seal of onfession was upon his lips.
"I set out for the Rancho de Sylva, and up-

on the trail met you, Luis and Abbott. After that, you all know what happened. I found Dolores-and she gave me back my child. Carmela, you will love me better than your moth-

"Better than life, father!" impulsively cried he maiden, as she bent forward and kissed the cout's brow.

Luis sighed enviously. He was thinking how sweet it must be to receive a caress from such lips.

The march was resumed long before daydawn, and kept up without a break, save for an hour's rest at noon. They were eager to reach the grove of trees that surrounded the spring where the Red Hawks had found the end of their earthly trail.

Old Bull's-Eye kept close beside Carmela, greatly to Luis' disgust, who found that the maiden turned a cold ear to his flattering speeches. He would have a hard task in winning the proud beauty, who had not yet forgotten the lessons of Chiquita. The scout was bleased to see this, for he still believed that his lips. It seemed as though the hand of death the father of Luis was none other than the Antone Barillo who had eloped with Dolores,

It was after dark before they crossed the swell from which the motte could first be seen, and Old Bull's-Eye, who was in front, acting as guide, halted abruptly. A small point of light was visible, shining through the foliage. The grove was already occupied.
"Remain here until I come back. I'll soon

find out who they are," muttered the scout, as he dismounted and glided rapidly forward.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE END OF A WEARY TRAIL.
OLD BULL'S-EYE quickly gained the edge of
the motte, undiscovered, and pausing, listened The subdued sound of human voice came to his ear, and he knew that a consider able force must occupy the timber. Prostrating himself, he crawled cautiously forward, passing through the line of undergrowth, soon reaching a point from whence he could look

out upon the glade. Several fires were blazing here, around which were gathered a number of men, pic-turesquely garbed, for the most part occupied n roasting meat. Old Bull's-Eye had little difficulty in determining their nationalitytheir faces, their peculiar dress, could not be They were, for the most part, Mexicans, though with a sprinkling of halfbreeds and Indians. Though it was a motley crowd, Old Bull's-Eye felt satisfied that they were, as times went, an honest gathering, and o boldly stepped out into the full glow of the firelight.

This abrupt appearance created considerable excitement, many of the Mexicans springing toward their weapons as though anticipating an immediate attack, though the majority con ented themselves with curiously eying the intruder.

"Take it easy, senors," quietly observed Old Bull's-Eye, holding up his open palm toward the flustered Mexicans. "I don't take my ammunition in that way, if it's all the same to

"Who are you, senor, and what may be your business with us?" demanded a diminutive, monkey-like Mexican, with an air of au thority, clapping one hand upon the hilt of a saber that nearly equaled himself in length.

"My name's Old Bull's-Eye. I came The scout's speech was cut short by the torm of quick exclamations that arose from every side, and the men crowded around a though viewing some wonderfully rare speci-men of art. Old Bull's-Eye involuntarily clutched his pistols, but then laughed shortly as one of the men, a tall Texan, explained.

Don't draw on your friends, boss-the boys only feels a little curious to see the man what "All right, friend-but I don't like to b crowded. A man's a man, long as he behaves

himself, and I'm nothing more. But it don't suit me to be made a show of." You hear, fellers? Show your p'litenessdon't act like durned or'nary gumpheads at a pinny-pinny-poppy-show fer the fust time,

ried the tall Texan, sharply. "Thank you, friend," resumed Old Bull's-Eye. "Now tell me—who heads this outfit, and what kind of game you're hunting in thes

parts?" 'Two-legged game-both sorts - red an white II's a sorter mixed nn. joh. an'. Leain't a lot o' cutthroats kem down on old de Sylva's

"What! you're hunting for him-for Juan de Sylva?" excitedly interrupted Old Bull's-

"No, I cain't say as we be," was the provokingly deliberate reply. "But, look yar, old man, 'scuse my durned fergetfulness. Take a snort—to better 'quaintance," and the borderer produced a goodly-sized leather flask. It's good stuff—ginewine Taos lightnin' as 'd corch the hair off'n a brass monkey. Drink hearty, an' may you never hev a wuss friend

than Jack Hardy—which is me."
Old Bull's-Eye swallowed his impatience together with a good dose of the flery liquor,

"I know a little about that business. Red Hawk's gang did the work. You seem to have struck the right trail, but you come too late for the fun. Perhaps you noticed a few ones scattered around this place—if the fire didn't burn 'em up. Right here Red Hawk was rubbed out, together with nearly every one of his outfit."

'Ge-thunder!" was all that Jack Hardy ould ejaculate "Fact. Walt Dugrand's boys laid 'em out. But look here. You didn't answer me-who

mmands this outfit?" "The old man-de Sylva, my boss as was, afore the muss at the rancho. I was one of he herders, an' though I got laid out with ome'ers nigh a bushel o' lead in my karkidge, manidged to crawl away, an' giv' the alarm. 'hree days a'ter we got together a wheen o' ellers—these 'uns, as you see—an' tuck the We found whar the Red Hawks hed thar nest, but 'twas gone up, then. While lookin' fer sign, to tell jest what hed happined, e found what looked like a dead man 'mong he bresh on the hill. 'Twas none other than he old man-de Sylva. We doctored him the est we knowed how, an' I reckon that with rest an' good nussin', an' plenty of it, he'd git ver his hurts. But when he came to, he acted est like a crazy bedbug, a callin' fer his da'ter n' sich like. We couldn't do nothin' with nim. Though he warn't much better than a

dead man, he would go 'long o' us-" Where is he?—take me to him—quick!" rated Old Bull's-Eye, unable longer to conrol himself. "I've hunted him for a lifetime -I must see him, at once. Where is he-the

nan you call Juan de Sylva?' "I am here. Who calls Juan de Sylva?" demanded a proud, though feeble tone, from eneath a bush, not far distant.

Old Bull's-Eye turned quickly, and caught ight of a figure just rising to a sitting posture. Catching up a blazing brand, he sprung forward and held the stick so that the light shone fairly upon the speaker's features. They were pale and ghastly, worn and emaciated the sunken eyes burning with an unnatural

De Sylva-for it was indeed the rancheroreturned the scout's gaze with one of mingled surprise and anger, but this quickly changed to an expression of horror. His lips parted, but he could not speak. His teeth chattered his wasted frame trembled like a leaf.

The recognition was mutual. Old Bull's-Eye saw before him the man who had wronged him so terribly-who had made him an outcast and wanderer upon the face of the earth -the man whom he had sought through so many long, weary years.

'At last, Antone Barillo—at last!" The words sounded like a death-knell, With a low, inarticulate cry, the wretched ranchero strove to arise, but then he fell back, his face livid, a bloody froth gathering upon

was upon him. Old Bull's-Eye dropped the torch and bent forward, his face white with a terrible hatred.

"Antone Barillo-thief, murderer! where "Antone Barillo—thief, murderer! where are my wife and child? Speak, or by the God above! I will tear your false heart out with my naked hands! Speak—"
"Kinder easy, pard," interposed Jack Hardy, laying one hand upon the maddened man's shoulder. "Don't you see—"
With a howl of fury, Old Bull's-Eye whirled around and deelt the tall Tower a tarrible and around and deelt the tall Tower a tarrible."

ed around and dealt the tall Texan a terrible blow full in the face, that hurled him headlong into one of the fires, where he lay, quivering and bleeding like a stuck pig.
Instantly a yell of anger arose, and the men

sprung forward to avenge their comrade, though not comprehending what the sudden fracas was about. Hardy rolled out of the fire, and staggering to his feet, gazed bewilderedly around.

Old Bull's-Eye saw the crowd springing toward him, and it seemed to set him wild. Drawing his pistols, he discharged them in rapid succession, yelling and cursing like a very fiend. And now his widespread celebrity stood him in good stead, for the entire party seemed afraid to close upon him, so long as he held those terrible weapons in his hands.

Jack Hardy brushed the mingled blood and

ashes from his eyes, and then, catching sight of Old Bull's-Eye, whipped forth a huge knife and staggered forward. As the scout was busied with the enemy in front, he knew naught of his danger, and the glittering blade was already raised above his back, when a sharp report came from the outer circle, and the big Texan fell back, without a groan, a bullet-hole in his forehead.

The next instant a lithe figure flashed across the glade and stood before Old Bull's-Eye. It was Carmela, her face aglow, a still smoking revolver clasped in her right hand. Her aim had saved the scout's life.

"Hold!" cried a loud, commanding voice. You are surrounded—the man who lifts an-

other weapon dies!" other weapon des!"

The Mexicans, startled by this unexpected summons, faltered and seemed uncertain what course to pursue, but as Dugrand and his men stepped forward and covered them with their rifles and revolvers, they dropped their arms and harged for mercy.

and begged for mercy.

The sudden appearance of Carmela seemed to restore Old Bull's-Eye to his senses, and he stood quiet, one arm around the daring maiden, while Dugrand saw to the disarming of the Mexicans. Then Luis de Sylva hastily ap-

proached: "What is this, friend? They tell me that my father was in command of this party?"
Old Bull's-Eye turned and pointed toward the motionless figure lying beneath the bush. With a cry of horror, Luis sprung to his side, but started back as he noticed the bloodfroth.

"You have murdered him!" he cried, turn-

"Don't threaten me, boy," coldly replied Old Bull's-Eye. "I have not laid a finger upon that man. But if the hand of God has not stricken him down, he must answer to me for heavy score. He is my game, and I will kill the first and every person that attempts to inerfere with my vengeance."

"The man is not dead," said Dugrand. "He "Father! dead - dead!" shrieked Anita struggling to free herself from Abbot's restraining grasp, as they moved the body toward one of the fires. "Mother of Jesus! pity me!"

"Look! he opens his eyes," muttered Dugrand, after several moments, during which he was busied with the patient. "Antone Barillo, give me back my child!"

grated Old Bull's-Eye, bending over the Spanard, whose gaze was riveted upon Anita. "There she is-I swear it, by my hope of nercy hereafter!"

pointed to Anita!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 255.) A WALKING ADVERTISEMENT.

As he uttered these words, gaspingly, he

A WALKING ADVERTISEMENT.

LIMESTONE SPRINGS, S. C.

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jey that it has saved them from eking out a misesable life or meeting with premature death, and restored them to health and happiness."

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THE FROG WHO WOULD BE AS BIG AS AN OX.

BY JAE JOT, JR.

A freg once sat beside a pond
Engaged in deep reflection;
He looked into the mud and thought
On "Natural Selection."
He thought on questions grave and deep—
Responsibilities human,
Wondering if the "Descent of Man"
Wa'n't brought about by woman.

Wa'n't brought about by woman.

Thus pondering by that little pond,
His head all in a muddle,
He did not see an ox that came
To drink from out the puddle.
One hoof descending close to him
Out off his meditations,
And came in one of sending him
To join his dead relations.

Enraged, on his hind legs that frog
Danced round the ox in fury,
And shook his clenched fists at him
As a lawyer at a jury.
"Rantankerous brute," the frog shrieked out,
His teeth in madness champing,
"What do you mean by coming round
Near little people tramping?

"If I could only find a rock
How quick I'd fling it at you!
Or could I only get a club
I'd go to work and bat you!
You thought because you're largely big
My back to put your foot on,
Oh, for a double-barreled gun!
Old ox I'd spoil your mutton!

"If I was just as big as you
How terribly I'd thrash you!"
He rolled his sleeves up in a rage,
"How I would like to mash you!"
Then he began to puff himself,
Each moment growing bigger;
And truly looked much less a frog
Than an Indian-rubber figure.

"I'll grow to be three times your size,
And then we'll see who's worsted,"
But his stretched hide had grown too thin—
At the next breath it bursted!
His last words were, "Go, tell each man
Who may have large pretensions,
That he must never ape the frog,
But keep his own dimensions."

The Snow Hunters: WINTER IN THE WOODS

BY C. DUNNING CLARK, AUTHOR OF "YOUNG SEAL-HUNTER," "IN THE WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

IX .- " Calling" the Moose .- The Giants' Battle.

JACK coolly laid two or three large sticks upon the fire. In spite of his danger the lad was steady, and was trying to satisfy himself whether he had better fire when the panther crept closer to the fire. The young hunter could not withstand the temptation; so, laying his knife on the rock by his side, he raised his rifle, steadily sighted between the flaming eyes and pulled the trigger. For a moment he was stunned by the report in the confined space, but he retained his senses enough to grasp his knife and hold it out before him. The next moment he was prostrated by the rush of a heavy body, and felt that his keen knife had penetrated to the hilt in the body of the pan-expecting every moment to Icel the terrible teeth and claws, he saw that the beast lay quietly upon its side.

"Rubbed out, as sure as I am Jack Edgel," he cried. "If I ain't having the best luck of any one—ah! There comes the old chap!" He heard, far off, the scream of the male pan-

ther calling to his mate. Loading his rifle rapidly he replenished the fire and waited for the coming of the foe. He had not long to wait, for he heard the rattle of the sharp claws upon the hard rock, and the huge form of the male panther glided into the outer cavity. 'Come on, old chap!" cried Jack, as he hurl-

ed a blazing fragment at the newcomer. "Make yourself at home do."

The panther leaped back out of bounded out of the opening. Jack, now grown utterly reckless, dashed after him and arrived at the mouth of the cave just as the panther got over his first fright. As the muzzle of the rifle was thrust forward, the panther seized it in his white teeth, the muzzle resting against the roof of his mouth. Jack pulled the trigger at the right moment and the panther fell at his

feet, his head literally blown to atoms.
"What took your roof off?" shouted Jack. "Hip, hip, hip, hooray! I guess I've cleaned

out the family!"

He went back into the cave, pushed his fire out into the center, cooked the moose tongue which he had brought, and made a royal meal. This done, he blocked up the mouth of the cave with loose stones, replenished his fire, and slept soundly until morning. As he went out of the cave he heard near by the report of a rifle, and fired his own in return. Half an hour later he was joined by Dave Blodgett, who made the welkin ring with shouts of joy. They had not left the trail since they missed him and had found him at last.

The whole party quickly came up and crowded about Jack, as he exhibited the trophies of his skill—the two panthers and the living cubs-which he had determined to keep alive. The hunters had "cached" their moos meat near the ravage, and taking the sled, had followed upon Jack's trail, led by the Indian, who had evinced the utmost anxiety for the safety of the boy. He now danced about Jack, rapturously, slapping him on the back with his open palm and striving in every way to how delighted he was.

"I am almost willing to be lost again, for the sake of finding out whether I've got friends," said Jack, as he returned the boisterous greeting of the twins, and shook his uncl warmly by the hand; "I don't see what reason Alf has to like me, after all I have done.

What me care?" roared Alf. "You take -all good; me catchum good master that Bill Becker big heap fool, you much You big chief one day, come up hunt take Alf for guide, eh?"

"That's the kind of talk, Alf!" said Dave Blodgett. "I knowed you hed the clear grit even when you consorted with that besum of destruction, Bill Becker. Now we're all to-gether an' in the thick of the moose kentry, I'm goin' to show ye a little sport of another kind. See yer, my Injun friend, kin ye call

Alf answered by so exact an imitation of the lowing of the cow moose that Jack involunreached for his rifle.

"That's good!" said Dave, with a delighted uckle. "That's the best I ever heerd—that beats me. We'll hev another moose hunt to-

day, of another kind." They were all equipped with snow-shoes, and following closely on the heels of Alf, entered a sheltered bay in the woods, where the pine trees stood so thick that convenient covers be readily formed in a dozen places. Here they took their stations, and Alf, stepping out into the open space, sent a loud, musi-

was it done that it was heard at quite a distance, in the keen, frosty atmosphere. He repeated the call twice, when an answer came back from the distant forest.

"Come in, Alf," said Dave, quietly. "The old cuss hears yer musical voice, you bet."

Alf stepped back into the cover, and they waited quietly.

"He won't come," asserted Jack.
"That's it, little critter," said Dave. "It
does beat all how consaty a boy gits when he has a trifle of good luck. Any other chap on airth would hev bin chawed inter minute fragments by them painters, but you scraped cl'ar-Them moose won't come, eh?"
"I don't believe they will."

"It's flyin' in the face of Proverdence to prove anything to a critter like you," sighed Dave. "Hark to that, boy!"

The bellow of the moose was now heard close at hand, and Dave burst into a fit of chuckling from which he only roused himself to caution them all.

"Take keer now, boys. Thar ain't a more s'spicious animile on the airth than the moose. Ef a leaf stirs he's bound to find out what stirred it. Silent all."

Every one had cocked his rifle, and, resting on one knee, peered through the leafy cover for the giant game. The suspicious bull stop-ped soon, and Alf gave an imitation of the low grunting of the cow-moose, which took even Dave by surprise, and he looked at the Indian in mute admiration. A stentorian bellowing announced that the cautious animal was satisfied, and, to the astonishment of every one, a second bellow was heard in the forest, close at hand, like an echo of the first. The call of the moose had resulted much better than they Dave Blodgett held up two fingers, and as he did so, two noble specimens of the male moose stepped out into the opening. The bulls, as they came out on opposite sides

of the opening, glared furiously at each other and began to snuff the air angrily. A grin of delight overspread the face of Dave, and he signed to his friends to lower their weapons, for they were to witness a duel between the

giants of the north.

The moose, as old age approaches, becomes misanthrophic. First, he breaks away from the large herds and wanders about with two or three companions. Then, even this company grows offensive to him, and like the "rogue" elephant, he wanders alone in the forest, a perfect Ishmaelite of his race. These solitary bulls are absolutely fearless, and if they meet by chance a battle is sure to result, which gener ally ends fatally for one or both.

The bulls now in the opening were solitarys

Irritated at finding a rival in the way, the na tural ferocity of their tempers was quickly augmented, and they began to paw the snow and send it flying backward, while they approached each other with the sideling peculiar motion common to the domestic bull, their tails erected and their eyes flashing fire.

Just at the right moment, Alf uttered another low "moo!" and as he did so, the animals clashed together with the fury of giants, and locking in a close grapple, each strove to force the other backward.

The call which Alf had imitated so well in-

spired them with the utmost fury. Snorting wildly, and exerting all their strength, they course of a long life, had even Dave Blodgett witnessed a scene like this, for the bulls were true monarchs of their species.

Once they staggered apart, glaring with

looks of mutual animosity, and stood panting while gathering breath for a new struggle. Their wrinkled fronts, under which gleamed eyes like living coals, lent new terrors to the

Dave raised his hand warningly, and Alf repeated the call, and at the sound the bulls rushed together with greater violence than So terrible was the shock that they bounded back like two balls colliding with equal force. The blood was now streaming from a great gash cut by the sharp fore-hoof They reared upright like two dogs, grappled,

striking like gladiators.
"End it, square," whispered Dave. "You and your sons take the one on the right. Wait for the word."

Six rifles cracked as the giants were reared on their hind-feet, contending furiously. As if stricken by bolts from heaven, the brute gladiators sunk down, and the snow was crimsoned with their flowing blood. "Sometimes I feel right sorry for the work

have to do," said Dave, as he stepped out and administered the coup de grace to the strug-gling animals. "But, you've got two heads fur your cabinet, Mr. Tracey, sech as men don't git once in a lifetime. But I wouldn't eat a piece of the meat sooner then I would eat a side of sole-leather. I'll git the heads fur you an' then we'll toddle home. It's mighty lucky we got here afore deer begin to drop the'r horns."

It was nearly noon when the loaded sled reached the ravage, where they took on such parts of the moose first shot as they fancied, and left the rest to the wolves.

The heads were preserved, and Dave Blodgett volunteered to use a certain preparation when they reached the cabin which would preserve them for all time. Turning down the hills, they reached the bed of the lake, laid their snow-shoes on the sled, strapped on their As they did so, skates and started for home. the long, tremulous howl of the wolf arose on the southern shore of the lake.

"Move yer paddles, boys," said Dave Blodgett, "I ain't anxious fur a fight with wolves on the ice. Ar' ye all loaded? Then git up an' git."

Mr. Tracey and Dave drew the sled: Alf pushed it behind, and the twins skated on the right and left, while Jack, with his pantherskins thrown over his shoulder, skylarked in front. Dave Blodgett, glancing uneasily to the right and left, saw a number of black spots coming up from all directions, concentrate in one moving mass, and come on with lightning

"Wolves, by the big rocker in which Fingal was rocked!" shouted Dave. "Come in hyar,

The boy obeyed, and every one prepared his

weapon in silence.
"You've all got double rifles 'cept me an' Alf," explained Dave. "Now, look here: you four fire together when I give the word, an' Alf an' me will hold our fire. Then don't you fire ag'in unless they pitch in too lively. Hyar,

Spot, hyar, Danger, come to heel!"
The dogs obeyed—Spot willingly enough, but Danger uttering low growls of discontent and wrath. The wolves came on, barking savagely, and evidently mad with hunger.

"Halt!" cried Dave. "Give it to 'em!" Four rifles cracked, and, discharged into the ompact flock, no wonder they did awful execution. Then Alf and Dave let fly, and added to the slaughter.

"On-on!" cried Dave. "Give the dirty ping out into the open space, sent a loud, musical lowing echoing through the forest. So well thieves time to chaw up the rown friends. They'll do it, never fear."

They had passed over half a mile of ice before the wolves again took up the pursuit. By this time every rifle was reloaded, and as the snarling band galloped up to the sled, they received a warmer reception than ever, and again the sled dashed on.

"Give me that big painter-skin," said Dave. Jack handed out the article, and when the wolves came on again, and the rifles again began to play, Dave sprung out on all fours, with the shrill scream of the panther. Instantly every tail was turned, and every wolf was seen madly dashing up the lake in furious flight, leaving Dave Blodgett extended on the snow, laughing like a hyena. The panther-skin had done its work!

Frost.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"SURELY, to-night, I am the personification of the character my dear friends choose to ascribe to me; they ought to recognize me! Evelyn Kurtz exclaimed, with a hard bitterness in her usually musically modulated voice as she viewed herself in the long French mirrors that intensified and multiplied the amber and maroon beauties of her boudoir.

She was a handsome woman, this proud mistress of one of an Eastern city's grandest man-sions; and the world—her world—said, that she was haughty and icy as she was regally beautiful. There were others who thought differently, however. Miss Kurtz's European education finished, she had returned to her Eastern home, not the selfish, vain, supercil-ious young heiress that left it; but a courtly, polished young woman, conscientiously and de votedly religious. Royally she filled her place at the head of her father's superb establishment; with gracious dignity she moved in the gay society that claimed her as its queen, but called her heartless as marble, cold as ice.

She had been wont to smile over people's opinions. It was enough that she was the joy of her father's heart, that through her he revrenced the religion by which she guided her life; enough that in many homes, whose in-mates her society friends would have passed in scorn, she was loved and welcomed, and helped to make dreary lives brighter. Enough that there were those who knew she had a heart—humble, loving, pitiful; a nature tenderly sympathetic, and compassionate with the ompassion of love for humanity, freed from

pride and condescension. But there had come a time when her love for her father, and for the poor, and for her church, failed to satisfy every demand of her soul. She cared naught for the adulation, the proffered passion, of the men who thronged about her always. But she had become con-scious of the existence of a nature that she felt nated her own. She was no coy, silly girl to tell herself that she could not know what love meant until it was sought. Miss Kurtz knew that the great longings, the restlessness, that disturbed her life after meeting Leroy Cummings was love for him; and that, if he was never more to her than now, a mere acquain-tance, she could love no other man with the ealth of passion that throbbed in her heart

And wnat hope had she, she asked herself as she stood before her costly mirrors, ar rayed for a grand bal masque, that Mr. Cum-mings, whom she had met but a few times at soiree's literaire, ever would be anything to

"He thinks me wondrously beautiful, as I am," she murmured, idly pulling her long, white gloves, with their frills of foamy, old lace, all glittering with some frostlike powder, upon her bare, pearly arms. "And not that alone! not that alone! I am sure! There is in his nature some subtle affinity for mine; in his heart some pulsings of love for me. But he is poor, and proud, and probably believes what people choose to say of me, that I am heartless and cold. I never cared before what ciety called me. I care now, because he will ear. Ready? Yes, Jeanne."
She swept aside the amber satin draperies hear.

that secluded a little alcove, and passed within them to kneel before an ebony crucifix standing upon a carved altar, and pray briefly beshe went to mix with the gay worldly crowd that so misjudged her sweet, womanly

Even in prayer her thoughts wandered to him.

"Suppose he reads my very soul, will he believe that his physical perfection, his kingliness among men, his brilliant intellect, his high standard of morality, make him far, far more not!-if not!-oh, Holy than my equal? If Son of Mary! my fate is in thy hands!"

Trustful and calm, she took her frosted white-silk mask and went down to the grand lighted hall—where gorgeous tropical vines flourished, and softly dripping fountains, and dainty gems of landscapes, and flaming winged birds, and pale-yellow songsters, made perpetual summer-to receive her father's good-

Miss Kurtz's costume was singularly recherhe-embodied Frost. Her dress-one graceful, trailing mass of some silken, sheeny fabric, dazzlingly frosted—was wreathed with vines of dead, ice-cased leaves, garlands of glittering grasses, and tiny branches of trees thickly coated with crystals. Her dainty knots of sleeves were caught by spikes of icy twigs, and the foam of rich lace that rose and fell upon her low corsage gleamed frostily. A chain of diamonds sparkled about her throat, suspending a crystal cross, and her great coils dusky hair, garlanded with drooping, shining leaves, gleamed white with icy sheen.

Wearied with dancing, she sought the quiet and coolness of a little music-room and waited for an ice to be brought her. Just beyond, separated by folds of filmy lace, was the softly lighted library.

Wooed by the dim seclusion of the room, she put aside the laces and entered. Examincollection of choice engravings that were piled upon a buhl table, in a black domino, his mask studded with silver star spangles on a chair by his side, stood Leroy Cummings. He started at the entrance of the dazzling visitant; but as her manner betrayed only momentary surprise, and she moved toward him, he bowed deferentially, and made room for her by his side. She turned over the engravings silently a moment, then ventured a remark.

"You like this seclusion, and these, better than the whirl in there?" with a motion toward the ball-room, whence floated sounds of

music and laughter. "Oh! infinitely. I have no heart, nor part,

in that, but here, among these, I can live. "You are fond of art?" "Passionately. The more so that my life is shut off from aught but mere glimpses into

its charmed regions.' "You have never traveled, then? Oh! how you would enjoy visiting these places "—let-ting her hand lie on the pictures. "Every food; paid bills; and, when his mother died,

one does not appreciate them, but you would grow intoxicated with their beauty! Lovely Italy, and blue-curtained, sea-washed Greece, and glorious Switzerland, and the grand old German countries, you ought to see them all!—" and "you shall! you shall!" almost leaped to her lips, as she stood before this man that she would so freely have made king of her life. He poor, semi-Bohemian, once a pauper; she the heiress of a millionaire, and queen of the city's highest circles.

"Ah! madam, you are one of the few that appreciate their blessings," he said, with a

quiet smile.

"Nay," she said, slowly, "I would willingly give all the blessings I have for one I have not." And then her partner brought her ice, bowing to Leroy Cummings, who replaced his mask and went away.

"It was Miss Kurtz; there was no mistak-ing her voice," thought Mr. Cummings, wearily, as he re-entered the thronged salons. is cruel, cruel, that I must catch the infatua-tion with which she inspires men! I, I, a man with no heritage but shame and poverty, to be mad with love for her! Verily I am insane, to dare worship her as I do. Thank God! we are so immeasurably apart in station that no harm can come of my madness! Is she, can she be, wholly as cold as people say she is? As cold as that she chooses to represent to-night? What matter what she is to

But down the room the Frost glittered now, and Leroy made his way toward it.
"Miss Kurtz," he whispered, "will you

honor me with one dance?" "With pleasure, Mr. Cummings; I had no idea you knew me. Shall I keep this waltz for you? I would give you a choice, but all are promised. I think I can arrange about this."

"You honor me too much. Believe me, I

shall not lightly value the pleasure."

The crowd parted them. When they met again, and the courtly woman was within his encircling arm, her lustrous eyes meeting his, masks had been laid aside, and the rare, maddening beauty of her dusky, creamy face was close to his own. Was it strange that for the few moments he held her thus his love was veritable madness? Was it not a marvel that each seemed to the other cold and unimpassioned? Is it not a false world that would have made one word of what burned in both

hearts seem a stain if uttered?

He sought a place, the dance ended, where Miss Kurtz could get a breath of coolness from the conservatory, and stood fanning her.
"La belle Kurtz is regal to-night, is she not?

And such an appropriate costume as she has chosen? Who do you think she is making her latest victim? Mr. Cummings, the young wri-Poor fellow! he is to be pitied if he gets infatuated with her heartless majesty. She is certainly an iceberg—veritable frost!"

The words came distinctly from among the plants, gleaming with blossoms, just a hand's breadth away. Distinctly to Cummings, who fairly shivered with pain and anger, and bit his lips under their golden mustache until drops of blood reddened them. Distinctly to the woman at his side, who, forgetful of the crowd about them, turned to him with a deathly face and misty, agonized eyes, and ingly as if the poor writer were her equal, entreating:

"You know they do me injustice? Say you know it! that you do not believe what you just heard of me!"

This woman whom he loved so madly. though he had never seen any other phase of her character than that displayed by the perfection of her polished manners or graceful dignity, pleading passionately to him? Oh! God! help him not to forget himself!

"I do not believe what people say of you but that you are good and noble—a woman worthy naught less than worship; and that you are in no wise to blame that I have come to reverence you above all your sex! Do not too hardly of me that I have spoken the truth; for, believe me, I am quite conscious of my own madness!"

Weary weeks had passed since Leroy Cummings had breathed those words to Evelyn Kurtz, and passed from her presence. Since then they had never met. Wearily, with a deep sorrow in her heart, she moved daily among the poor and sick; languidly, coldly more frostily than ever she smiled and talked and danced in the salons of the rich, and rejoiced when Lent brought her rest and seclu-

At last she told herself that there could be no unwomanliness in her, the heiress, suing to the poor Bohemian she loved. So she wro to Cummings and told him what his words had meant to her, for she, Evelyn Kurtz, had loved him. To-day, his answer, bearing a date three days old, had been placed in her hands. His answer, blessing her for her kindness, firmly stating that it was impossible for him to so far forget what was due to her or his own manhood as to take advantage of her noble condescension.

With white lips she crushed the note in her hand, and went to her little chapel, to fight her battle with wounded pride and hopeless

An hour later Miss Kurtz was treading the city streets on her daily round of errands of

"I will call on Lizzie before I go home," she decided; and turned into a pleasant, respect-able street and ran up the steps of a little brick house on whose wall was a dressmaker's sign. A young girl opened the door.

"Oh! Miss Kurtz! How nice it is to see you! We have been so wishing you would "Yes, I have been a long time away, Allie dear. How is Lizzie?"

"Quite well," said Allie, leading the way to the second story. "We get along so nicely since you found this pleasant place for us. Liz-"We get along so nicely zie says she shall soon be able, very comfortably, to pay the rent herself. She is up-stairs; I will call her."

Lizzie came down presently, and after a joyful greeting to her visitor, went on:
"Miss Kurtz, there is a gentleman up-stairs very ill. It is so sad, he has a mother who is

insane, quite harmless, almost an idiot, poor thing! but she seems to know that her s ill, and has changed so these last two days with grieving, her nurse is afraid she may drop off before the son.

"How sad! Are they very poor? Can I do any thing for them?"
"Well, when he was well he worked hard to support his mother in comfort, and a nurse for her; now he is ill, they may need help. He was a newspaper writer, I believe; a nice man."

"I will go and see him, Lizzie." From the nurse, Miss Kurtz learned that the nan had typhoid fever, and while not earning had little to support him. From any thing. that day Miss Kurtz kept the poor writer supprovided dainty vesture and silvered casket for her, and placed waxen blooms upon her quiet

Then came a night when she said to the little dressmaker:

"I have a favor to ask of you to-night, Lizzie. I want to lie down a few hours upon your lounge. By midnight the doctor will pronounce the verdict of life or death upon my patient, and I have become so interested I wish to hear it direct. I have sent the carriage home until one."

And so, wrapped in a coarse, warm shawl of Allie's, Miss Kurtz rested her stately form upon the little chintz lounge, and waited for the doctor's tap upon the door.
Midnight; ten, fifteen, twenty minutes after.

Miss Kurtz arose and went softly up to the sick man's room, pushed the door ajar and entered. The doctor stood beside his patient with

his fingers upon the thin wrist.

"He is dead," Miss Kurtz heard him say, softly; and then another man, bending over the white, upturned face, dropped some tears upon it. At the sound of the woman's gently-rustling dress, both men looked up, and Evelyn Kurtz stood face to face with Leroy Cummings, his golden hair thrust back from a pallid brow and tears in his blue, proud eyes.
"Miss Kurtz, poor Stanley is dead," the doc-

tor said, kindly.
"He was a friend of yours?" she asked of Cummings, from whom she had not removed her eyes.
"He was, and I have so much to thank you for in his behalf. If he had lived, it would

have been through your kind care,"
"Or yours," said the doctor, bluntly, "since you watched with him every night. You both

did all you could." "How is it I did not know this?" questioned Evelyn, still of Leroy.
"I took care that you should not," he an-

swered her. He had come close to her, now; and was gazing with passionate longing into her beautiful, sorrowful face. "I did not mean that you should meet me!" For a minute both were silent, then Miss

Kurtz said, slowly and low: "Your pride is manly and natural; but is it not bitterly wrong?" "Oh, Evelyn! I have only such humble rooms as these of Stanley's. What would the world say of me if I dared to ask you to be my

His voice was full of suppressed passion, his eyes of intense love, despite his resolve not to tempted.
"Is what the 'world will say' of more ac-

count to you than your own happiness, and "God forgive my folly! No, Evelyn! Surely, love is above all!" He gathered her hands in his—he the child of the people, and she the noble, womanly pa-

trician—and slipped upon her finger a quaintly carved old ring he wore. And so they were betrothed, and as he led her away from his friend's death-bed, and down to her waiting carriage, he whispered:
"God bless you forever, my noble wife; and forgive me that to you, who are His own glorious sunshine, I should so long have been frost."

Beat Time's Notes.

KNIFE AND FORK FLIRTATIONS. To drop your fork means: "I am desperately in love.

To pick your teeth with a fork means: "Iam the pick of the lot." To stir your coffee with a fork means: "How weet vou are."

To scratch your head with a fork means: "I itch for an acquaintance with you." To drum on your plate with your knife and fork means: "I am almost crazy."

To eat your soup with a fork means: "Is it To knock a tooth out with a fork means: "You

are very beautiful. To dip your own knife into the butter means: I am not very particular, you see."

To draw the knife half way down your throat

leans: " I am enjoying myself very well, I

thank you," To whet your knife on your fork means: You see I'm sharp. To eat with your knife means: "I'm not post-

To drop your knife means: "I am badly bor-To let your knife slip and splatter the gravy out of your plate means: "I am exceedingly happy to be here,"

To cut your mouth with a knife means; "I m very impatient." To wipe your knife on the table cloth means: 'All right."

To wipe your nose on a napkin means: "I am making a fool of myself." Cold weather is exceedingly thick in these

parts. It is the coldest cold that a man with the worst cold in the world could imagine. It would freeze a red hot stove. It is so cold that wood won't burn, and you can't even enjoy the uxury of scalding your mouth with a hot cup of coffee. Thermometers are down to fifteen cents, with a prospect of being cheaper yet. Dog irons in the chimney places shiver and whine all day. It takes old enemies all the time to nurse their wrath to keep it warm. A little something hot, if you please.

Recipe for dough-nuts: Take three parts of clay, one part hydraulic cement, one part plaster of paris, mix with Spalding's prepared glue, and make it into balls. Allow them to dry, glaze them, and put them into a Bessemer furnace, heated seven times hotter than is necessary for melting iron, and let them stay there one week, then take them out and serve cold. At least I think this is the way those we had for breakfast to-day were got up, and you couldn't get them down without a crowbar.

A certain town out in Kansas is a very healthy place. Jones said before he went there his wife wasn't able to do her own washing. has been there a year and now she takes in

I wish I had two hundred thousand dollars with which to endow a university, and have my name go down to posterity as a benevolent man; how exceedingly quick I wouldn't do it?

The silversmith who warrants his watches to get ahead of all others sells them to fast young

In life we have many chances to be good, but it is the last chance with a good many.

In this world many people get roped in, and some, once in a while, get roped out. Odes to the ocean should be written on a